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BELL's

CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. X.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

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M DCC LXXXIX.

POEMS

IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.

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IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.

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POEMS
IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.

POEM I.

PSYCHE;

OR,

THE GREAT METAMORPHOSIS.

BY

GLOSTER RIDLEY, D.D.

I.

WHERE early Phoebus sheds his milder beams,
The happy gardens of Adonis lay:
There Time, well pleas'd to wonne, a youth beseems.
Ne yet his wings were fledg'd, ne locks were grey;
Round him in sweet accord the Seasons play
With fruites and blossoms meint, in goodly gree;
And dancing hand in hand rejoice the lea.
Sick gardens now no mortal wight can see,
Ne mote they in my simple verse descriven be.

II.

The temper'd clime full many a tree affords:
Those many trees blush forth with ripen'd fruite;
The blushing fruite to feast invites the birds;
The birds with plenteous feasts their strength recruite:
And warble songs more sweet than shepherd's flute.
The gentle stream that roll'd the stones among,
Charm'd with the place, almost forgot its suite;
But list'ning and responding to the song,
Loit'ring, and winding often, murmured elong.

III.

Here Panacea, here Nepenthe grew,
Here Polygon, and each ambrosial weed;
Whose vertues could decayed health renew,
And, answering exhausted nature's need,
Mote eath a mortal to immortal feed.
Here lives Adonis in unfading youth;
Celestial Venus grants him that rich meed,
And him successive evermore renew'th,
In recompence for all his faithful love and truth.

IV.

Not she, I ween the wanton Queen of love,
All buxom as the waves from whence she rose,
With her twin sons, who idly round her rove,
One Eros hight, the other Anteros;

Albeit brothers, different as foes:
This sated, sullen, apt for bickerment;
That hungry, eager, fit for derring-does.
That flies before, with scorching flames ybrent;
This foll'wing douts those flames with peevish discontent.

V.

Celestial Venus does such ribaulds shun,
Ne dare they in her purlues to be seen;
But Cupid's torch, fair mother's fairest son,
Shines with a steady unconsuming sheen;
Not fierce, yet bright, coldness and rage between.
The backs of lyons fellonest he strod;
And lyons tamely did themselves amene;
On nature's wild full sov'reignly he rod;
Wild natures, chang'd, confess'd the mild puissant God.

VI.

A beauteous Fay, or heav'n descended Spright,
Sprung from her sire, withouten female's aid,
(As erst Minerva did) and Psyche hight,
In that inclosure happy sojourn made.
No art some heel'd uncomelyness betray'd,
But Nature wrought her many-color'd stole;
Ne tarnish'd like an Aethiopian maid,
Scorch'd with the suns that ore her beauties roll;
Ne faded like the dames who bleach beneath the pole.

VII.

Nor shame, nor pride of borrow'd substance wrought
Her gay embroidery and ornament:
But she who gave the gilded insect's coat
Spun the soft silk, and spread the various teint:
The gilded insect's colors yet were feint
To those which nature for this fairy wove.
Our Grannams thus with diff'rent dies besprent,
Adorn'd in naked majesty the grove,
Charm'd our great Sires, and warm'd our frozen clime to love.

VIII.

On either side, and all adown her back,
With many a ring at equal distance plac'd,
Contrary to the rest, was heben black,
With shades of green, quick changing as she pass'd;
All were on ground-work of bright gold orecast.
The black gave livelood to the greenish hue,
The green still deep'd the heben ore it lac'd;
The gold, that peep'd atween and then withdrew,
Gave lustre to them both, and charm'd the wond'ring view.

IX.

It seem'd like arras, wrought with cunning skill,
Where kindly meddle colors, light, and shade:

Here flows the flood; there rising wood or hill
Breaks off its course; gay verdure dies the mead.
The stream, depeinten by the glitt'rand braid,
Emong the hills now winding seems to hide;
Now shines unlook'd for through the op'ning glade,
Now in full torrent pours its golden tyde;
Hills, woods, and meads refresh'd, rejoicing by its side.

X.

Her Cupid lov'd, whom Psyche lov'd again.
He, like her parent and her belamour,
Sought how she mote in sickerness remain,
From all malengine safe, and evil stour.
" Go, tender cosset, said he, forray ore
These walks and lawnds; thine all these buskets are;
Thine every shrub, thine every fruite and flower:
But oh! I charge thee, love, the rose forbear;
For prickles sharp do arm the dang'rous rosiere.

XI.

" Prickles will pain, and pain will banish love:
I charge thee, Psyche, then the rose forbear.
When faint and sick, thy languors to remove,
To yon ambrosial shrubs and plants repair;
Thou weetest not what med'cines in them are;
What wonders follow their repeated use

N'ote thy weak sense conceive, should I declare;
Their labor'd balm, and well-concocted juice,
New life, new forms, new thews, new joys, new worlds produce.

XII.

" Thy term of tryal past with constancy,
That wimpling slough shall fall like filth away;
On pinions broad, uplifted to the skie,
Thou shalt astert, thy stranger self survey.
Together, Psyche, will we climb and play;
Together wander through the fields of air,
Beyond where suns and moons mete night and day.
I charge thee, O my Love, the rose forbear,
If thou wouldst scathe avoid, Psyche, forewarn'd, beware!

XIII.

" How sweet thy words to my enchanted ear!"
(With grateful, modest confidence she said)
" If Cupid speak, I could for ever hear;
Trust me, my love, thou shalt be well obey'd.
What rich purveyance for me hast thou made,
The prickly rose alone denied! the rest
In full indulgence giv'n! 'twere to upbraid
To doubt compliance with this one request:
How small, and yet how kind, Cupid, is thy beheast!

XIV.

" And is that kindness made an argument
To raise me still to higher scenes of bliss?
Is the acceptance of thy goodness meant
Merit in me for farther happiness?
No merit and no argument, I wiss,
Is there besides in me unworthy maid:
Thy gift the very love I bear thee is.
Trust me, my love, thou shalt be well obey'd:
To doubt compliance here, Cupid, were to upbraid."

XV.

Withouten counterfesaunce thus she spoke:
Unweeting of her frailty. Light uprose
Cupid on easy wing: yet tender look,
And oft reverted eye on her bestows;
Fearful, but not distrustful of her vows.
And mild regards she back reflects on him:
With aching eye pursues him as he goes:
With aching heart marks each diminish'd limb;
'Till indistinct, diffus'd, and lost in air he seem.

XVI.

He went to set the watches of the east,
That none mote rush in with the tyde of wind:
He went to Venus to make fond request
From fleshly ferm to loosen Psyche's mind,

And her eftsoons transmew. She forlore pin'd;
And mov'd for solace to the glassy lake,
To view the charms that had his heart entwin'd.
She saw, and blush'd, and smil'd; then inly spake:
"These charms I cannot chuse but love, for Cupid's sake."

XVII.

But sea-born Venus 'gan with envy stir
At bruite of their great happiness; and sought
How she mote wreak her spight: then call'd to her
Her sons, and op'd what rankled in her thought;
Asking who'd venture ore the mounds to vau't
To breed them scathe unwares; to damp the joy
Of blissful Venus, or to bring to nought
The liefest purpose of her darling Boy,
Or urge them both their minion Psyche to destroy.

XVIII.

Eros recul'd, and noul'd the work atchieve.
"Bold is th' attempt, said he, averse from love:
If love inspires I could derreign to reave
His spear from Mars, his levin-brond from Jove."
Him Anteros, sneb'd surly. "Galless dove!
Than Love's, Spight's mightier prowess understond:
If Spight inspires I dare all dangers prove:
And if successful, stand the levin-brond,
When hurlen angry forth from Jove's avenging hond."

XIX.

He said, and deffly t'wards the gardens flew;
Horribly smiling at his foul emprise.
When, nearer still and nearer as he drew,
Unsufferable brightness wounds his eyes
Forth beaming from the crystal walls; he tries
Arrear to move, averted from the blaze.
But now no longer the pure aether buoys
His grosser body's disproportion'd peaze;
Down drops, plumb from his tow'ring path, the treachor base.

XX

So ore Avernus, or the Lucrine lake,
The wistless bird pursues his purpos'd flight:
Whether by vapors noy'd that thenceforth break,
Or else deserted by an air too light,
Down tumbles the fowl headlong from his height.
So Anteros astonied fell to ground,
Provok'd, but not accoid at his straunge plight.
He rose, and wending coasts it round and round
To find unguarded pass, hopeless to leap the mound.

XXI.

As on the margin of a stream he stood,
Slow rolling from that paradise within,
A snake's out-case untenanted he view'd:
Seizing the spoil, albe it worthless been,

He darts himself into the vacant skin.
In borrow'd gear, th' exulting losel glides,
Whose faded hues with joy flush bright again;
Triumphant ore the buoyant flood he rides;
And shoots th' important gulph, born on the gentle tydes.

XXII.

So shone the brazen gates of Babylon;
Armies in vain her muniments assail:
So strong, no engines could them batter down:
So high, no ladders could the ramparts scale;
So flank'd with tow'rs, besiegers n'ote avail;
So wide, sufficient harvests they enclose:
But where might yields, there stratagems prevail,
Faithless Euphrates through the city flows,
And through his channel pours the unexpected foes.

XXIII.

He sails along in many a wanton spire;
Now floats at length, now proudly rears his crest:
His sparkling eyes and scales, instinct with fire,
With splendor as he moves, the waves ore kest:
And the waves gleam beneath his flaming breast.
As through the battle, set in full array,
When the sun walks in radiant brightness dress'd;
His beams that on the burnish'd helmets play,
The burnish'd helms reflect, and spread unusual day.

XXIV.

So on he fares, and stately wreaths about,
In semblance like a seraph glowing bright:
But without terror flash'd his lightning out,
More to be wonder'd at, than to affright.
The backward stream soon led the masker right
To the broad lake, where hanging ore the flood
(Narcissus like, enamor'd with the sight
Of his own beauties) the fond Psyche stood,
To mitigate the pains of lonely widowhood.

XXV.

Unkenn'd of her, he raught th' embroider'd bank;
And through the tangled flourets weft aside
To where a rosiere by the river dank,
Luxuriant grew in all its blowing pride,
Not far from Psyche; arm'd with scaly hide
He clamb the thorns, which no impression make;
His glittring length, with all its folds untied,
Plays floating ore the bush; then silence brake,
And thus the Nymph, astonish'd at his speech, bespake.

XXVI.

"O fairest, and most excellent compleat
In all perfections, sov'reign Queen of nature!
The whole creation bowing at thy feet
Submissive pays thee homage! wond'rous creature,

If aught created thou! for every feature
Speaks thee a Goddess issued from the skie;
Oh! let not me offend, unbidden waiter,
At aweful distance gazing thus! But why
Should gazing thus offend? or how unbidden I?

XXVII.

"The sun that wakes those flourets from their beds,
Or opes these buds by his soft influence,
Is not offended that they peep their heads,
And shew they feel his pow'r by their quick sense,
Off'ring at his command, their sweet incense;
Thus I, drawn here, by thy enliv'ning rays,
(Call not intrusion my obedience!)
Perforce, yet willing thrall, am come to gaze,
To pay my homage meet, and bask in beauty's blaze."

XXVIII.

Amaz'd she stood, nor could recover soon:
From contemplation suddenly abraid:
Starting at speech unusual: yet the tune
Struck sootly on her ear, and concert made
With her own thoughts. Nor with less pleasure stray'd
Her eyes delighted o'er his glossy skin;
Yet frighted at the thorn on which he play'd:
Pleasure with horror mixt! she hung between
Suspended; yields, recoils, uncertain where to lin..

XXIX.

At length she spoke: "Reptile, no charms I know
Such as you mention: yet whate'er they are,
(And nill I lessen what the Gods bestow)
Their is the gift, and be the tribute their!
For them these beauties I improve with care,
Intent on them alone from eve to morn.
But reed me, reptile, whence this wonder rare,
That thou hast speech, as if to reason born?
And how, unhurt you sport on that forbidden
thorn?"

XXX.

"Say, why forbidden thorn? the foe replied:
To every reptile, every insect free,
Has malice harsh to thee alone denied
The fragrance of the rose enjoy'd by me?"
—'Twas love, not malice, form'd the kind decree,
(Half-wroth, she cried:) "Thine all these buskets
are,
Thine fruite and flow'r, were Cupid's words to me:
But oh! I charge thee, Love, the rose forbear;
For prickles sharp do arm the dang'rous rosiere.

XXXI.

"Prickles will pain, and pain will banish love:
I charge thee, Psyche, then the rose forbear.
When faint and sick, thy languors to remove,
To yon ambrosial shrubs and plants repair;

Thou weetest not what med'cines in them are:
What wonders follow their repeated use
N'ote thy weak sense conceive, should I declare;
Their labor'd balm, and well-concoćted juice,
New life, new forms, new thews, new joys, new worlds produce.

XXXII.

"Thy term of tryal past with constancy,
That wimpling slough shall fall like filth away;
On pinions broad, uplifted to the skie,
Thou shalt, astert, thy stranger self survey.
Together, Psyche, will we climb and play;
Together wander through the fields of air,
Beyond where suns and moons mete night and day.
I charge thee, O my Love, the rose forbear,
If thou wouldst scathe avoid. Psyche, forewarn'd, beware!"

XXXIII.

Out burst the frannion into open laugh:
She blush'd and frown'd at his uncivil mirth.
Then, soften'd to a smile, as hiding half
What mote offend if boldly utter'd forth,
He seem'd t' assay to give his answer birth:
But stopt; and chang'd his smiles to looks of ruth.
"Is this (quoth he) fit guerdon for thy worth?
Does Cupid thus impose upon thy youth?
Dwells then in heav'n such envy, void of love and truth?

XXIV.

" Is this the instance of his tenderness,
To envy Psyche what to worms is given ?
To cut her off from present happiness
With feign'd reversion of a promis'd heaven ?
By threat'nings false from true enjoyments driven !
How innocent the thorn to touch, he knows:
Where are my wounds? or where th' avenging levin ?
How softly blush these colors of the rose !
How sweet (and div'd into the flow'r) its fragrance flows !

XXXV.

" Disadvantageous are thy terms of tryal ;
No longer Psyche then the rose forbear.
What is to recompence the harsh denyal,
But dreams of wand'ring through the fields of air,
And joys, I know not what, I know not where !
As eath, on leafy pinions borne the tree
Mote rush into the skies, and flutter there,
As thou soar yon, and quit thy due degree :
Thou for this world wert made ; this world was made for thee.

XXXVI.

" In vain you'd fly to yonder shrubs and plants ;
Bitter their taste, and worthless their effect :

Here is the polychrest for all thy wants ;
No panacea, like the rose, expect.
Mute as my fellow-brutes, as them abject
And reasonless was I, 'till haply woke
By tasting of the rose, (O weak neglect
In thee the while!) the dawn of sapience broke
On my admiring soul, I reason'd, and I spoke.

XXXVII.

" Nor this the only change ; for soon I found
The brisker spirits flow in fuller tyde ;
And more than usual lustre spread around ;
Such virtue has the rose, in me well tried.
But wise, I ween, thy lover has denied
Its use to thee ; I join him too : beware
The dang'rous rose.—For such thy beauty's pride
'Twere death to gaze on, if improv'd!—Forbear
To sharp that wit, too keen!—Touch not the rosiere."

XXXVIII.

Uncheckt, indulg'd, her growing passions rise :
Wonder, to see him safe, and hear his telling ;
Ambition vain, to be more fair and wise ;
And rage, at Cupid's misconceiv'd false dealing :
Various the gusts, but, all one way impelling,
She plung'd into the bosom of the tree,
And snatch'd the rose, ne dreaded pain or quelling.
Off drops the snake, nor farther staid to see ;
But rush'd into the flood, and vanish'd presently.

XXXIX.

Full many a thorn her tender body rent;
Full many a thorn within the wounds remain,
And throbbing cause continual detriment:
While gory drops her dainty form distain.
She wishes her lost innocence again,
And her lost peace, lost charms, lost love to find;
But shame upbraids her with a wish so vain:
Despair succeeded, and aversion blind;
Pain fills her tortur'd sense, and horror clouds her mind.

XL.

Her bleeding, faint, disorder'd, woe-begon,
Stretcht on the bank beside the fatal thorn,
Venus who came to seek her with her Son,
Beheld. She stop'd: And albe heav'nly born,
Ruthful of other's woe, began to mourn.
The loss of Venus' smiles sick nature found:
As frost-nipt drops the bloom, the birds forelorn
Sit hush'd, the faded sun spreads dimness round;
The clatt'ring thunders crash, and earthquakes rock the ground.

XLI.

Then arming with a killing frown her brow;
"Die, poor Unhappy!"—Cupid suppliant broke
Th' unfinish'd sentence; and with dueful bow
Beg'd her to doff the keenness of her look,

Which Nature feeling to her centre shook.
" Then how should Psyche bear it? Spare the
Maid;
'Tis plain that Anteros his spight has wroke:
Shall vengeance due to him, on her be laid?
Oh! let me run, and reach th' ambrosial balms," he
said.

XLII.

" Ah what would Cupid ask?" the Queen replies;
" Can all those balms restore her peace again?
Wouldst thou a wretched life immortalize?
Wouldst thou protract by potent herbs, her pain?
Love bids her die: thy cruel wish restrain."——
" Why then (quoth He) in looms of fate were
wove
The lives of those, in long successive train,
From her to spring, through yon bright tracts to
rove?
Due to the skies, and meant to shine in fields above?

XLIII.

" Say, would thy goodness envy them the light
Appointed for them, or the good prevent
Foreseen from them to flow? erasing quite
The whole creation through avengement?
One only species from its order rent,
The whole creation shrivels to a shade."——

" —Better all vanish'd, said She, than be meint
In wild confusion; through free will misled,
And tempted to go wrong from punishment delay'd."

XLIV.

" Let me that exemplary vengeance bear,
(Benign return'd her amiable son:)
Justice on her would lose its aim; severe
In vain, productive of no good; for none
Could by that desolating blow be won.
So falls each generous purpose of the will
Correct, extinguish'd by abortion:
Whence Justice would its own intendments spill;
And cut off Virtue, by the stroke meant Vice to kill.

XLV.

" Yet lest Impunity should forehead give
To Vice, in me let guilt adopted find
A victim; here awhile vouchsafe me live
Thy proof of justice, mixt with mercy kind!"
" —Oh! strange request (quoth She) of pity blind!
How shouldst thou suffer, who didst ne'er offend?
How can'st thou bear to be from me disloin'd?
To wander here, where Nature 'gins to wend
To waste and wilderness, and pleasures have an end?"

XLVI.

" You, Venus, suffer, (said He) when you strike
Not for your own, but others' foul offence:
Why not permitted I to do the like,
When greater good, I see, will coul from thence?
That greater good orepays all punishments;
And makes my suff'rings, pleasure: if they prove
A means to conquer Anteros, dispense
Healing to Psyche's wounds, regain her love,
And lead Her, with her happy Sons, to realms above."

XLVII.

" To thy intreaties Psyche's life I give,
(Replied th' indulgent Mother to her Son:)
But yet deform'd, and minish'd let her live?
'Till thou shalt grant a better change foredone;
Nor shall that change, but thro' death gates be won.
This meed be thine, ore her and hers to reign!
Already Nature puts her horrors on:
Away!—I to my bow'r of bliss again!
Thou to thy task of love, and voluntary pain."

XLVIII.

She went; and like a shifted stage, the scene
Vanish'd at once; th' ambrosial plants were lost;
The jarring Seasons brought on various teen;
Each sought, each seeking, each by other crost.

Young Spring to Summer flies from Winter's frost;
While sweltry Summer thirsts for Autumn's bowl,
Which Autumn holds to Winter; Winter tost
With scorn away, young Spring inflames his soul:
Still craving, never pleas'd, thus round and round
they roll.

XLIX.

Th' inclement Airs bind up the sluggish soil;
The sluggish Soil the toilsome hand requires;
Yet thankless pays with sour harsh fruits the toil;
Ne willing yields, but ragged thorns and briers.
Birds, birds pursue; as hunger's rage inspires:
Their sweetest songs are now but songs of woe.
Here from th' encroaching shore the wave retires:
There hoarse floods roar; impetuous torrents flow;
Invade the land, and the scarce harvests overthrow.

L.

Stretch'd on the bank eftsoons th' inviting form
Of Psyche faded; brac'd up lank and slim,
Her dwindled body shrunk into a worm:
Her make new-moulded, chang'd in every limb;
Her colors only left, all pale and dim:
Doom'd in a caterpillar's shape to lout.
Her passions ill such worthless thing beseem;
Pride, rage, and vanity to banish out,
She creeping crawls, and drags a loathsome length
about.

LI.

How Cupid wash'd her noisome filth away;
What arts he tried to win her love again;
By what wiles guileful Ant'ros did assay,
By leasing, still her recreant to maintain,
And render Cupid's kindly labors vain:
Their combat, Cupid's conquest, Psyche's crown,
(My day's set task here ended) must remain
Unsung; far nobler verse mote they renown:
Unkyoke the toiled steers, the weary sun goes down.

POEM II.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF LYCON

AND

EUPHORMIUS.

BY

WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

I.

Deem not, ye plaintive crew, that suffer wrong,
Ne thou, O man! who deal'st the tort, misween
The equal gods, who heaven's sky-mansions throng,
(Though viewless to the eyne they distant sheen)
Spectators reckless of our actions been.
Turning the volumes of grave sages old,
Where auncient saws in fable may be seen,
This truth I fond in paynim tale enroll'd;
Which for ensample drad my Muse shall here unfold.

II.

What time Arcadia's flowret vallies fam'd,
Pelasgus, first of monarchs old, obey'd,

There wonn'd a wight, and Lycon was he nam'd,
Unaw'd by conscience, of no gods afraid,
Ne justice rul'd his heart, ne mercy sway'd.
Some held him kin to that abhorred race,
Which heaven's high towers with mad emprize assay'd;
And some his cruel lynage did ytrace
From fell Erynnis join'd in Pluto's dire embrace.

III.

But he, perdy, far other tale did feign,
And claim'd alliaunce with the Sisters nine;
And deem'd himself (what deems not pride so vain?)
The peerless paragon of wit divine.
Vaunting that every foe should rue its tine.
Right doughty Wight! yet, sooth, withouten smart,
All powerless fell the losel's shafts malign:
'Tis Vertue's arm to wield Wit's heavenly dart,
Point its keen barb with force, and send it to the heart.

IV.

One only impe he had, Pastora hight,
Whose sweet amenaunce pleas'd each shepherd's eye:
Yet pleas'd she not base Lycon's evil spright,
Tho blame in her not Malice moten spy,
Clear, without spot, as summer's cloudless sky.

Hence poets feign'd, Lycean Pan array'd
In Lycon's form, enflam'd with passion high,
Deceiv'd her mother in the covert glade,
And from the stoln embrace ysprong the heavenly Maid.

V.

Thus fabling they: mean while the Damsel fair
A shepherd Youth remark'd, as o'er the plain
She deftly pac'd elong so debonair:
Seem'd she as one of Dian's chosen train.
Full many a fond excuse he knew to feign,
In sweet converse to while with her the day,
'Till love unwares his heedless heart did gain.
Nor dempt he, simple wight, no mortal may
The blinded God once harbour'd, when he list, foresay.

VI.

Now much he meditates if yet to speak,
And now resolves his passion to conceal:
But sure, quoth he, my seely heart will break,
If aye I smother what I aye must feel.
At length by hope embolden'd to reveal,
The laboring secret dropped from his tong.
Whiles frequent singults check'd his faltring tale,
In modest wise her head Pastora hong:
For never maid more chaste inspired shepherd's song.

VII.

What needs me to recount in long detail
The tender parley which these lemans held:
How oft he vowed his love her ne'er should fail;
How oft the stream from forth her eyne outwell'd,
Doubting if constancy yet ever dwell'd
In heart of youthful wight: suffice to know,
Each rising doubt he in her bosome quell'd.
So parted they, more blithsome both, I trow:
For rankling love conceal'd, me seems, is deadly woe.

VIII.

Eftsoons to Lycon swift the youth did fare,
(Lagg'd ever youth when Cupid urg'd his way?)
And straight his gentle purpose did declare,
And sooth the mount'naunce of his herds display.
Ne Lycon meant his suiten to foresay:
"Be thine, Pastora (quoth the masker sly)
And twice two thousand sheep her dower shall pay."
Beat then the lover's heart with joyaunce high;
Ne dempt that aught his bliss could now betray,
Ne guess'd that foul deceit in Lycon's bosome lay.

IX.

So forth he yode to seek his reverend sire;
(The good Euphormius shepherds him did call)
How sweet Pastora did his bosome fire,
Her worth, her promis'd flocks, he tolden all.

Ah! nere, my son, let Lycon thee enthrall,
(Reply'd the sage, in wise experience old)
"Smooth is his tongue, but full of guile withal,
In promise faithless, and in vaunting bold:
Ne ever lamb of his will bleat within thy fold.

X.

With words prophetic thus Euphormius spake:
And fact confirm'd what wisdom thus foretold:
Full many a mean devise did Lycon make,
The hoped day of spousal to with-hold,
Framing new trains when nought mote serve his old.
Nath'less he vow'd, Cyllene, cloud-topt hill,
Should sooner down the lowly delve be roll'd,
Than he his plighted promise nould fulfill:
But when, perdy, or where, the caitive sayen nill.

XI.

Whiles thus the tedious suns had journey'd round,
Ne ought mote now the lovers hearts divide,
Ne trust was there, ne truth in Lycon found;
The Maid with matron Juno for her guide,
The Youth by Concord led, in secret hy'd
To Hymen's sacred fane: the honest deed
Each God approv'd, and close the bands were ty'd.
Certes, till happier moments should succeed,
No prying eyne they ween'd their emprize mote areed.

XII.

But prying eyne of Lycon 'twas in vain
(Right praćtic in disguise) to hope beware.
He trac'd their covert steps to Hymen's fane,
And joy'd to find them in his long-laid snare.
Algates, in semblaunt ire, he 'gan to swear,
And roaren loud as in displeasaunce high;
Then out he hurlen forth his Daughter fair,
Forelore, the houseless child of Misery,
Expos'd to killing cold, and pinching penury.

XIII.

Ah! whither now shall sad Pastora wend,
To want abandon'd and by wrongs opprest?
Who shall the wretched out-cast's teen befriend?
Lives mercy then, if not in parent's breast?
At Jove's right hand, to Jove for ever dear,
Yes, MERCY lives, the gentle Goddess blest,
Aye at his feet she pleads the cause distrest,
To Sorrow's plaints she turns his equal ear,
And wafts to heaven's star-throne fair Vertue's silent tear.

XIV.

'Twas SHE that bade Euphormius qùell each thought
That well mote rise to check his generous aid.
Tho high the torts which Lycon him had wrought,
Tho few the flocks his humble pastures fed,

When as he learn'd Pastora's hapless sted,
His breast humane with wonted pity flows.
He op'd his gates, the naked exile led
Beneath his roof: a decent drapet throws
O'er her cold limbs, and sooths her undeserved woes.

XV.

Now loud-tongu'd Rumor bruited round the tale:
Th' astonied swains uneath could credence give,
That in Arcadia's unambitious vale
A faytor false as Lycon e'er did live.
But Jove (who in high heaven does mortals prive,
And every deed in golden ballance weighs)
To earth his flaming charret baden drive,
And down descends, enwrapt in peerless blaze,
To deal forth guerdon meet to good and evil ways.

XVI.

Where Eurymanthus, crown'd with many a wood,
His silver stream through dasy'd vales does lead.
Stretch'd on the flowery marge, in reckless mood,
Proud Lycon sought by charm of jocund reed
To lull the dire remorse of tortious deed.
Him Jove accosts, in reverend semblaunce dight
Of good Euphormius, and 'gan mild areed
Of compact oft confirm'd, of fay yplight,
Of nature's tender tye, of sacred rule of right.

XVII.

With lofty eyne, half loth to look so low,
Him Lycon view'd, and with swol'n surquedry
'Gan rudely treat his sacred eld: When now
Forth stood the God confest that rules the sky,
In sudden sheen of drad divinity:
"And know, false man," the Lord of thunders said,
"Not unobserv'd by Heaven's all-persent eye
Thy cruel deeds: nor shall be unappay'd:
Go! be in form that best beseems thy thews, array'd."

XVIII.

Whiles yet he spake th' affrayed trembling wight
Transmew'd to blatant beast, with hideous howl
Rush'd headlong forth, in well-deserved plight,
Mid'st dragons, minotaurs, and fiends to prowl,
A wolf in form as erst a wolf in soul!
To Pholoe, forest wild, he hy'd away,
The horrid haunt of savage monsters foul.
There helpless Innocence is still his prey,
Thief of the bleating fold, and shepherd's dire dismay.

XIX.

Tho Jove to good Eurphormius' cot did wend,
Where peaceful dwelt the man of virtue high,

Each shepherd's praise and eke each shepherd's friend,
In every act of sweet humanity.
Him Jove approaching in mild majesty,
Greeted all hail! then bade him join the throng
Of glitt'rand lights that gild the glowing sky.
There shepherds nightly view his orb yhong,
Where bright he shines eterne, the brightest stars emong.

POEM III.

THE

SQUIRE OF DAMES.

BY MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

PROLOGUE.

I.

HARD is the heart that never knew to love,
Ne felt the pleasing anguish of desire.
Ye British Maids, more fair than Venus' dove,
For you alone I tune my humble lyre;
Adopt me, Nymphs, receive me in your quire,
Make me your bard; for that is all my care:
Then shall I envy not that aged sire,
Who doth for court his annual song prepare:
I lever myrtle wreath than Kesar's laurel wear.

II.

Think not because I write of Columbel
I thence would blast the sex with impious tale;
Transactions vile of foreign stronds I tell,
Ne' gainst a British female would I rail

For all the wealth that rolls on Indian grail.
Here beauty, truth, and chastity, are found:
Eleonora here, with visage pale,
Did suck the poison from her Edward's wound,
And Ana's nuptual faith shall stand for aye renown'd.

III.

See the fair swans on Thamis' lovely tide,
The which do trim their pennons silver bright,
In shining ranks they down their waters ride;
Oft have mine eyes devour'd the gallant sight.
Then cast thy looks with wonder and delight,
Where yon sweet Nymphs enjoy the ev'ning air,
Some daunce along the green, like fairies light,
Some flow'rets cull to deck their flowing hair;
Then tell me, soothly, swain, which sight thou deem'st most fair.

IV.

To You, bright stars, that sparkle on our isle,
I give my life, my fortune, and my fame;
For my whole guerdon grant me but a smile,
A smile from You is all I hope or claim;
Nor age's ice my ardent zeal shall tame,
To my life's end I shall your names adore,
Not hermits bosoms feel so pure a flame,
Warm'd by approval I more high shall soar;
Receive my humble lays, my heart was yours before.

Should You consent, I'll quit my shepherd's grey,
And don more graceful and more costly gear,
My crook and scrip I'll throw with scorn away,
And in a samite garment streit appear.
Farewell, ye groves, which once I held so dear;
Farewell, ye glens, I other joys pursue;
Then shall the world your matchless pow'r revere,
And own what wonders your sweet smiles can do,
That could a simple clown into a bard transmew.

CANTO I.

The Squire of Dames to Satyrane
His history doth tell,
With all the toils he underwent
To gain his Columbel.

I.

The Squire of Dames his tale thus 'gan to tell;
Sith you command my tongue, Sir Satyrane,
I now will all declare that me befell,
The cause of muchel scath and dolorous pain,
Ne shall thy gentle eye from tears refrain.
Me Columbel commanded far to go
'Till I should full three hundred Nymphs attain,
Whose hearts should aye with Virtue's lessons glow,
And to all swains but one cry out for ever, No.

II.

To find the fortilage that ne'er will yield
Is not an easy matter, good Sir Knight;
Troy town, they say, is now a grass-grown field,
That long withstood the force of Grecian might;
And castles fall though deep in earth empight;
Ne ought so strong is found but what may fail,

The sun at last shall lose his glorious light,
And vows or bribes o'er women may prevail;
Their hearts are made of flesh, and mortal flesh is frail.

III.

With heavy heart, and full of cark I go,
And take my conge of my blooming Maid,
I kiss'd her hond, and louting very low,
To her behest at length myself array'd:
The fair we love expects to be obey'd,
Although she bid us with the kestrel fly;
So forth I prick, though much by doubt dismay'd,
The hard experiment resolv'd to try:
For she was wond'rous fair, and much in love was I.

IV.

A grove I reach'd, where tuneful throstles sung;
The linnet here did ope his little throat;
His twitting jests around the cuckoo flung,
And the proud goldfinch show'd his painted coat,
And hail'd us with no inharmonious note:
The robin eke here tun'd his sonnet shrill,
And told the soothing ditty all by rote,
How he with leaves his pious beak did fill,
To shroud those pretty babes, whom Sib unkind would kill.

V.

And many a fair Narcissus deck'd the plain,
That seem'd anew their passions to admire;
Here Ajax told his dolors o'er again,
And am'rous Clytie sicken'd with desire;
Here the blown rose with odors sweet did spire;
Through the dun grove a murm'ring river led
His chrystal streams that wound in many a gyre;
The baleful willow all the banks bespread,
And ever to the breeze ycurl'd his hoary head.

VI.

Soon to the grove there came a lovely maid
(For maiden sure she did to me appear);
In plain check-laton was the nymph array'd,
Her sparkling eyes stood full of many a tear,
And she bewept the absence of her dear.
Alas! should beauty be to woe allay'd?
Beauty, methinks, should meet with better cheer,
Content should never wander from her side;
Good luck, I pray to Heav'n, the face that's fair betide.

VII.

" Ah! woe is me, she cry'd, since Colin's fled,
Whose gentle presence did these plains adorn,
Soon was he ravish'd from the nuptial bed,
Torn from these arms, from his dear leman torn!

O grief! far sharper than the pointed thorn,
I saw him ill-bestad by martial band.
Alas the day that ever I was born!
Where roves my Colin, on what foreign strand,
Arraught from Laura's eyes, and his dear native land?

VIII.

"Alas! he only knew to prune the vine,
Or through the earth to urge the biting share,
To twist the bower with fragrant eglantine,
Where free from heat we shun'd the noon-tide air,
Or to the mart to lead his fleecy care.
And is it fit in hacqueton and mail
The youth for war's grim terrors should prepare!
His voice outsung the love-lorn nightingale,
And deftly could he dance, or pipe along the dale.

IX.

"The goshawk fierce may pounce the trembling dove,
The savage wolf may tear the bounding fawn;
But sparrows mild are form'd for feats of love,
And kids dew not with blood the flow'ry lawn;
Then how shall he, in whom all graces dawn,
In the red field the cruel paynim kill?
For scenes like these find men of hellish spawn.
'Tis his with joy the virgin's heart to fill.
And not on foreign shore his foemen's blood to spill.

X.

" No days of bliss my sorrows shall aslake,
For him I'll ever drop the dolorous tear:
Adieu the circled green, the buxom wake,
Since Colin's gone I taste of nought but drear.
Stretch me, ye maidens, stretch me on the bier,
And let my grave-stone these true words adorn:
A wretched maiden lies intombed here,
Who saw a shepherd brighter than the morn,
Then pin'd her heart away, and dy'd of love forlorn."

XI.

Much was I grieved at her piteous plaint,
And greeted to myself, O happy Squire!
At length, though late, thou hast found out a saint,
Who, but for Colin, feels no warm desire.
Perdie, quoth Satyrane, I her admire:
No lozel loose shall here discover'd be.
The other answer'd with his cheeks on fire,
Now by my hallidom you soon shall see
That words may with the heart full often ill agree.

XII.

I, nought accoy'd, came up unto the fair,
And swore to love her all my length of life;
Then offer'd her to gorgeous domes to bear,
Where haidegives are daunc'd to harp and fife.

She soon forgot she was another's wife,
And granted with me to desert the plain.
Are such ensamples among women rife?
If so, my Columbel I ne'er shall gain,
But hunt around the world, and find my labors vain.

XIII.

My lips I 'gan to royne in fell despite,
And forth I rushed from her false embrace,
Through the thick wood I wander'd day and night,
Ne met I living creature face to face:
At length a rising city far I trace;
Thither in hopes my hasty steps I bend,
Perchaunce, thought I, true Virtue may embrace
The courtly dome, and from the country wend.
Thus, where we least expect, we often find a friend.

XIV.

At e'en the town I reach'd, and eke a hall,
Which waxen tapers made as light as day;
Fair jovisaunce sat on the face of all,
And to the daunce the sprightly minstrels play,
Each seem'd as sportive as the wanton jay.
The dame, who own'd the house, was passing old,
And had, it seems, that morning dealt away
To her kind grandson many bags of gold,
Who took a bonnibel to haven and to hold.

XV.

The bride was named Viola the fair,
The loaded rosiere is not half so sweet.
Aye, aye, quoth I, ensamples are but rare
To find so many charms in one discreet;
With you, fair lass, I mean not now to treat.
The springal was in wholesome lustihed,
And him by name of Pamphilus they greet;
He was to doughty chevisance ybred,
Yet oft in courtly halls the active measure led.

XVI.

The auncient dame they do Avara call,
And much she hobbled as she trod the ground;
Yet many angels in her crumenal,
If fair report speaks true, were always found.
Where riches flow, there virtues too abound.
Her pannikel was as a badger grey,
And, as she walk'd the company around,
It nodded with such force, that, by my fay,
I thought it meant to fly from her old crag away.

XVII.

The lofty roof was fretted o'er with gold,
And all around the walls depeinten were
With many histories of times of old,
Which brought not muchel credit to the fair.
There Leda held her swan, with shoulders bare,
And here the dame of Ephesus was found,

Lick other dames, whom my kind tongue shall spare,
And here stood Helen for her charms renown'd,
Who soon her lord forsook, when she a leman found.

XVIII.

And many a beauteous dame and courtly knight
Came there the nuptials for to celebrate:
Some vers'd to wing from bow the nimble flight,
Some the near foe with brondiron to amate;
Me too they welcome to the hall of state;
With bel accoil they wished me to take
A round or two, and choose me out a mate:
But my fond love, which nothing could aslake,
Caus'd me to slight them all, for Columbella's sake.

XIX.

And now to artful steps the floor rebounds,
In graceful ease the shining beavys move,
The noise like thunder at a distance sounds.
Mean time I sat beneath a proud alcove,
And told Avara gentle tales of love.
Thought I, in eld the passions are more tame,
And here by craft I may successful prove;
For she perforce must now be void of blame
As wise Ulysses' wife, Penelope by name.

XX.

Ne wants she gelt, which oft the mind misleads
To actions which it otherwise would shun.
The courtier lythe, if right report areeds,
Will unawhap'd to seize his vantage run;
And so will most men underneath the sun;
Or be they patriot call'd, or bard, or knight;
But when they once the gilded prize have won,
They seek to clear their name, with shame bedight:
Befits to scour the steel, when rust offends the sight.

XXI.

At every word I said she look'd askaunce,
Then said, in unsoot whispers, Fye! Sir, fye!
And turn'd as though she seem'd to mind the daunce,
Nathless on me she cast a languid eye:
Blist by thy form, my liefest life, quoth I,
Cast your belgards upon an humble slave;
From love, alas! in vain my heart would fly;
Then with a word thy quailing leman save,
For if you frown, perdie, you doom me to the grave.

XXII.

It happ'd by chaunce she saw a golden heart
With flaming diamonds around beset;

This, the whole guerdon of my tedious smart,
I, on a time, from Columbel did get.
As simple birds are caught in fowler's net,
And 'cause they see no danger, none they fear:
Ev'n so Avara her eyen here did set,
And turned round and whisper'd in mine ear,
Give me that di'mond heart: and be mine leman dear.

XXIII.

I started from the couch where I was pight,
And thus I her bespake with muchel rage,
Avaunt, thou faytor false, thou imp of night:
I hate myself that I should thus engage,
On any terms to treat with wrizled age.
So, forth I flung, and left the frowy witch
To share her bed with coachman, groom or page;
The castle too I quit, mine ire was sich,
And out I set again, though night was dark as pitch.

XXIV.

But did I here relate, Sir Satyrane,
The many weary miles I've travelled,
What dangers I've assoil'd, yet all in vain,
(For, by my truth, but ill my days I've sped)
Your hair would stand upright upon your head.
Three hundred virtuous females, side by side,

By me to Columbella must be led:
Can you direct me where for such to ride?
I cannot, in good sooth, the courteous knight reply'd.

XXV.

The Squire pursu'd his tale: 'Tis now three years
Since curst Avara's visage first I saw:
Convents I've try'd, but there the luscious freers
The fair-fac'd nuns to fornication draw;
Nor palaces are free from Cupid's law;
His darts are fiercer than the levin-brond;
Few, very few, there 'scape his mighty paw;
And those in golden palls, who proudly stond,
Had lever kiss their love's, than Kesar's royal hond.

XXVI.

Fair Jenny of the mill I strove to win,
And her benempt Pastora of the dale;
But they bilive agreed with me to sin;
One ask'd an owch, and one a watchet veil.
Some wish o'er every female to prevail;
My hope, my conquest is to be deny'd.
The stage I've try'd, but there my projects fail;
For there is scarce a single wedded bride
But doth her husband's noul with horns of ront provide.

XXVII.

As couthful fishers at the benty brook,
By various arts assot the seely fry,
Now wriggling worms, now paste conceals the hook,
And now they hide it with a color'd fly;
This takes the perch, and that the tench's eye:
So diff'rent nymphs a diff'rent charm invites,
Some yield for vantage, some for vanity;
A song this one, a daunce that maid delights:
Man throws the wimble bait, and greedy woman bites.

XXVIII.

With sorrow overhent, the other day
I laid my weary limbs adown to rest,
Where a tall beech o'erspread the dusky way;
My noyous thoughts a dream awhile suppress'd,
Oft weighty truths are in this garb ydress'd.
Grant that it so may happen unto me;
Then joyance once again shall sooth this breast,
My pining soul shall be from anguish free,
And I shall taste true bliss, dear Columbel, with thee.

XXIX.

Methought I saw a figure fair and tall,
And gentle smiles sat dimpling on her face,

Yet seemed of a beauty nought at all,
'Till much beholding did improve each grace;
At length she seem'd too fair for human race.
Her kirtle white might vie with winter snows,
Ne could you aught of her fair bosom trace,
Nought but her face would she to sight expose,
So modest maiden wends, the frannion muchel shows.

XXX.

With visage bland methought she hail'd me oft:
" Ne fear, quoth she, a female's mild request.
The bark by tempests that is whirl'd aloft,
At length, the tempest o'er, enjoyeth rest.
My name is Chastity, though out of quest?
With modern dames, yet thou shalt still survey
A clime where beauty is with virtue blest.
Good fortune speed you on your happy way;
Go, gentle Squire of Dames, and here no longer stay.

XXXI.

" To fairy lond your instant journey bend,
There Columbel may find her will obey'd;
There Chastity may boast of many a friend,
She visits there each rosy-featur'd maid.
Go on, nor be by former toils affray'd:
Go, where yon oaks display their verdant pride,

'Till, from the mountains torn, and stripp'd of shade,
On Neptune's billows they triumphant ride,
Protect their happy lond, and conquer all beside.

XXXII.

" Hail, happy lond! for arms and arts renown'd,
For blooming virgins free from loose desire;
A Drake, a Bacon, there a birth-place found,
And chaste Eliza time shall e'er admire:
The hero wields the sword and poet's lyre:
This Sidney knew, who still with lustre shines,
For whom Dan Spenser wak'd the warbling quire,
And many more whose names might grace his lines;
There round the warrior's palm the lover's myrtle twines."

XXXIII.

At this I woke, and now resolv'd to brave
The utmost perils for my Columbel:
For, know, I mean to cross the briny wave,
Where Albion's chalky cliffs the sea repel:
And, if no mage have laid the magic spell,
Perchaunce my lot may be at length to find
Three hundred nymphs, who wicked love can quell;
If not, I must desert all womankind,
And, what me most amates, leave Columbel behind.

XXXIV.

The Squire of Dames surceased here his say,
And forth he yode to seek the British isle,
Sir Satyrane prick'd on his dapple-grey,
Ne aught foreswonk he travell'd many a mile
To spend his days in hardiment and toil:
But first in courteous guise they bid farewell,
As well befits men bred in courtly soil.
Now how the Squire has sped, or ill, or well,
A future canto may, perhaps, at leisure tell.

XXXV.

For see, how Phoebus welketh in the west,
My oxen from their yoke I must untye,
The collar much has chauf'd their tender chest,
Who labors much the sweets of rest should try.
To their warm nests the daws and ravens fly
Deep in the ruin'd dome or dusky wood;
And beasts and birds fast lock'd in slumber lye,
Save the fell bat, that flutters out for food,
And the soothsaying owl, with her unlovely brood.

CANTO II.

The Squire he lights on Bon-vivant,
Who wons in Fairy soil,
Then views in Merlin's magic glass
A sight that ends his toil.

I.

To gain the point to which our soul aspires
We nourish toil, and reek hard labor sweet;
For this, thro' Greenland's frosts, or India's fires,
The hardy sailors death and dangers meet;
And the proud chieftain, bolder than discreet,
In blood imbru'd pursues the martial fray,
And lovers eke through life's loud tempests beat,
Led on by hope, that never-dying ray;
Hope wantons in her breast, and strews with flow'rs the way.

II.

And sure of all mankind the Squire of Dames
Shall stand the first ensample of true love,
Who aye, untouch'd by any foreign flames,
Preserv'd his passion for his gentle dove.
Blush, modern youths, whose pulses quickly move,

Fondly you glote upon the witching fair :
Yet, when a sweet enjoyment once you prove,
You leave the nymph intangled in the snare,
Her tears flow trickling down, her singults pierce the air.

III.

O think of transports which ye whilom tasted,
And let the glad remembrance charm your mind,
Be not the fruits of joyment quickly wasted,
And to your heart her happy image bind :
Think what she merits who whilear was kind,
Nor by inconstancy her peace destroy ;
Inconstancy, that monster fell and blind,
That, vainly fond of every passing toy,
Treads down its late delight, and poisons rapt'rous joy.

IV.

Return we now unto our gentle youth,
Whose little bark daunc'd lightly on the main,
His breast divided atween joy and ruth ;
Now gay ideas wanton in his brain,
Now woe-begon his heart is rent in twain,
On his success depends his Columbel ;
And now he hopes, and now desponds again ;
The various turns of mind, when thoughts rebel,
Sure pen mote ne'er describe, and none but lovers tell.

V.

Methinks I see him on the beechy strond,
Where Neptune's waves affrap the sturdy pier;
His hardy steed neighs at the sight of lond,
In all adventures a most faithful seer;
And through that city he doth quickly steer,
Which Ethelbert to holy Austin gave:
The kings of Kent did erst inhabit here,
Here haughty Becket sunk into the grave,
Here thro' the smiling meads Stoure rolls his dimpling wave.

VI.

Long travell'd he, ne ventur'd to assay
The nymphs he met, for much he was affray'd,
To bribes or pray'rs few women would cry nay;
At flatt'ry's tongue full oft will virtue fade:
What shall he do? to win his lovely Maid
He must three hundred virtuous females find.
Perdie, quoth he, my fortune be assay'd,
I'll boldly try the strength of womankind:
For craven heart, they say, ne'er won fair lady's mind.

VII.

So on he prick'd, and from a rising ground
Discern'd before him, in a distant vale,

A castle fair: and auncient oaks around
Did to the breeze their lofty heads avail;
A silver stream refresh'd the fragrant dale;
Their ledden loud fat oxen did repeat,
And nibbling sheep display'd their fleeces pale,
The woodbine shed an odor matchless sweet,
And to their patient dams the frisking lambkins bleat.

VIII.

To that same castle our advent'rer yode,
The merry birds him welcom'd on the way,
An hundred flow'rs aumail'd the winding road,
And all was bright, and all was passing gay;
You would have sworn it was the month of May.
Withouten drad he thunders at the gate,
Who wons within, or giant, knight, or fay,
Shall ne'er, in sooth, our imp of fame amate:
Unto the summons loud the portal opens streit.

IX.

And forth there issued the seneschal,
Of middle age he was, if right I ween,
He was in personage both plump and tall,
Ne seemed he to taste of dolorous teen,
Ne wrinkle deep was on his forehead seen,
But jovisaunce sat basking on his brow,
At every word he spoke, he smil'd at-ween,

His temples were ycrown'd with myrtle bough,
And virelays he song with matchless grace, I vow.

X.

" Whoe'er thou art, thrice welcome to these plains,
Where bitter dole ne'er shows her hateful head,
Good-fellowship wons here, and free from pains
Both youth and eld the paths of pleasure tread;
Catch flying bliss, ne be by aught foresaid;
Think that this life is but a little span;
Then laugh, and sport, and shun all dreryhed,
Thy rolling days in present pleasures plan,
Come, spend thy hours in joy, thou son of mortal man.

XI.

" Know'st thou my name! I am l'Allegro hight,
Let me conduct thee to our jovial hall,
Where Bon-vivant in revels spends the night,
Who bids a hearty welcome unto all,
Or wear he red cross-stoles, or paynim pall."
With that he lad him with a courtly air
Into a chamber deck'd for feast and ball;
And though no tedes or tapers glimmer'd there,
Yet all within was bright, as all without was fair.

XII.

As at the close of an hot summer's day,
When Phoebus in the west deserts the sky,

Bright streams of light along the aether play,
And though his fiery orb forsake our eye,
The beamy gushes gild each object nigh:
The painted meads are ting'd with golden light,
And rivers roll their glitt'ring waters by;
So in this house of joy with ease you might
Perceive celestial rays, that cherish'd human sight.

XIII.

The Squire of Dames his jolly host salew'd,
And Bon-vivant his hond in friendship press'd;
"Come, sit thee down, and taste our choicest food;
We entertake, quoth he, no vulgar guest.
Enur'd to toil, come taste the sweets of rest,
Doff thy hard arms, this samite garment wear,
This better far than mail shall bind thy breast,
This coronal shall deck thy auburn hair;
Push the brisk goblet round, and drown intruding care.

XIV.

"For us the lark attunes his morning song,
For us the Spring depeints her every flower,
To sooth our sleep yon fountain purls along,
And oaks to shade us twine into a bow'r,
The pensive bard sits many a watchful hour,
In ditty sweet, to carol forth our praise:
While valor spends his days in dole and stour,
We, wiser we, undying trophies raise
To ever-blooming bliss, ne reek what Wisdom says.

XV.

" With sprightly notes we make the welkin ring,
In mazy daunce we tread the chequer'd ground,
To yielding nymphs transported shepherds sing,
Ne hard misfare emongst our train is found.
The simple swain, who looks with cark astoun'd
Because his leman ill rewards his care,
Oh, let him stond to all a lout renown'd,
Ne gibing scorn her twitting bords forbear;
Are there not other nymphs less coy, and full as fair?"

XVI.

At this the Squire wex'd pale, " Ne eath it is,
Most courteous Knight, he cry'd, far to remove
The thoughts of her in whom we place all bliss."
Quoth Bon-vivant, " What, then thou art in love?"
" That I am so these many singults prove,"
Return'd the Squire. L'Allegro then reply'd,
" Thou'dst better wend to yonder willow grove,
Where shoals of lovers hanging side by side,
Feed the vile carrion crows, and heighten female pride."

XVII.

With that he brast into a scornful laugh,
And much abash'd appear'd our constant Squire;
The other sportful the brisk vintage quaff.
While thus the Springal; " Yes, I do aspire

To love the Fairest of the female quire.
Three hundred virtuous damsels in this isle
I came to find." " Perdie, your odd desire,
Quoth Bon-vivant, will ask thee muchel toil;
And thou shalt travel too full many a weary mile.

XVIII.

" 'Tis not enough the conduct of the fair
Is form'd by frowning Virtue's strictest leer:
The blatant-beast does here in pieces tear
The fame of those ybred in school severe;
His rankling tongue throughout the rolling year
With baleful venom every thing consumes;
Where beauty's splendor gilds our northern sphere
He slyly creeps, and to destruction dooms
The honor of the Spring, and Wisdom's early blooms.

XIX.

" The brindled lyon in the lonely wood
Hides his grim aspect from the sight of men;
The pardelis and libbard's spotted brood
Reside contented in sequester'd den;
Not so the blatant-beast, he lives in ken
Of the proud city or well-peopled town;
Thence with detested fury he will ren,
Ne spare the prelate's lawn, or monarch's crown?
All fares alike with him, for all he tumbleth down.

XX.

" What then avails it to be fair or wise ?
Or what avails it to be warlike knight ?
Where-e'er the monster casts his fiery eyes,
Each grace, each virtue sickens at the sight.
Then, goodly Squire, until the morning's light
Quaff the thick darkness of the night away ;
And, when the morn shall rise, in arms bedight
Proceed, and luck attend you on your way ;
Algates we wish in truth with us you'd ever stay."

XXI.

The Squire agrees, but vows, when rising morn
Shall gild the glitt'rand portals of the east,
Himself he will in habergeon adorn,
And seek around the isle the blatant-beast :
Mean while in buxom mirth they spend the feast.
Ill fares the mortal man too much who knows ;
Oft shall he wish himself from thought releast ;
The fatal knowledge in his bosom glows,
And mars his golden rest, and murders soft repose.

XXII.

Sir Chaunticleer now ey'd the rising day,
And call'd dame Partlet from her vetchy bed ;
Now wakeful Phospher spreads his gleamy ray,
And the pale Moon conceal'd her silver head ;

The cattle brouze the lawn with dew bespread,
While every bird from out the buskets flies.
Then to the field our lover issued;
But sleep had seal'd l'Allegro's drousy eyes,
And Bon-vivant also in downy slumber lies.

XXIII.

Our Squire withouten drad, pursu'd his way,
And look'd around to spy this monster fell,
And many a well conceited roundelay
He sung in honor of his Columbel:
Mote he, perchaunce, destroy this spawn of hell,
How easy were the task to him assign'd!
The lond of Fairy doth each lond excel;
View there the paragons of womankind;
View the bright virgins there, and leave thy heart behind.

XXIV.

Ah! lever should'st thou try the females there
Than thus unwise another course pursue;
There every nymph is innocent as fair:
Try what I here advance, you'll find it true.
Hard is our fate while bliss in hopes we few,
Some deadly fiend to blast our joy appears;
Contentment sweet, alas! is known to few.
Thus for awhile the sun the welkin chears,
But soon he hides his head, and melts in dropping tears.

XXV.

Life is a scene of conteck and distress,
Ne is it longer than a winter's day;
And shall we make our few enjoyments less?
Far from my cot, thou blatant-beast, away.
No husband's noul will I with horns array,
Ne shall my tongue its venom'd malice wreak
On tuneful bards, whom laurel crowns apay;
Ne will I 'gainst the comely matron speak,
Or draw one pearly drop down beauty's rosy cheek.

XXVI.

The Squire of Dames rode on with muchel tine,
And, as he cast askaunce his greedy look,
He saw empight beneath an auncient pine
A hoary shepherd leaning on his crook:
His falling tears increas'd the swelling brook:
And he did sigh as he would break his heart.
"O thou deep-read in sorrow's baleful book,
The Squire exclaim'd, areed thy burning smart;
Our dolors grow more light when we the tale impart."

XXVII.

To whom the swain reply'd, "O gentle Youth,
Yon fruitful meads my num'rous herds possess'd,
My days roll'd on unknown to pain or ruth,
And one fair daughter my old age ybless'd.

Oh, had you seen her for the wake ydress'd
With kirtle ty'd with many a color'd string,
Thy tongue to all the world had then confess'd
That she was sheener than the pheasant's wing,
And, when she rais'd her voice, no lark so soot could sing.

XXVIII.

" In virtue's thews I bred the lovely maid,
And she right well the lessons did pursue;
Too wise she was to be by man betray'd;
But the curst blatant-beast her form did view,
And round our plains did spread a tale untrue,
That Rosabella, spurning marriage band,
Had felt those pangs which virgin never knew,
And that Sir Topas my poor girl trepann'd;
He, who in sable stole doth in our pulpit stand.

XXIX.

" Nay, more, the hellish monster has invented,
How a young swain on Shannon's banks yborn
(Had not my care the deep-laid plot prevented)
Would from my arms my Rosabel have born.
Have not I cause to weep from rising morn
'Till Phoebus welketh in the western main,
To see my dearling's fame thus vildly torn?
Have I not cause to nourish endless pain?"
At this he deeply sigh'd, and wept full sore again.

XXX.

" Curst be this blatant-beast, reply'd the Squire,
That thus infests your sea-begirted isle;
Shew me his face, that I may wreak mine ire
Upon this imp of hell, this monster vile."
" Away from hence not passing sure a mile,
Might I advise you, you had better wend,"
Return'd the Swain, " deep-read in magic-style
There Merlins wons, sue him to be your friend;
And lest you miss your way, myself will you attend."

XXXI.

Together now they seek the hermitage
Deep in the covert of a dusky glade,
Where in his dortour wons the hoary Sage.
The moss-grown trees did form a gloomy shade,
Their rustling leaves a solemn music made,
And fairies nightly tripp'd the aweful green,
And if the tongue of fame hath truth display'd,
Full many a spectre was at midnight seen,
Torn from his earthly grave, a horrid sight I ween.

XXXII.

Ne rose, ne vi'let, glads the chearless bow'r,
Ne fringed pink from earth's green bosom grew,

But hemloc dire, and every baleful flow'r
Might here be found, and knots of mystic rue.
Close to the cell sprong up an auncient yew,
And store of imps were on its boughs ypight,
At his behests they from its branches flew,
And, in a thousand various form bedight,
Frisk'd to the moon's pale wain, and revell'd all the night.

XXXIII.

Around the cave a clust'ring ivy spread
In wide embrace his over-twining arms,
Within the walls with characters bespread
Declar'd the pow'rful force of magic charms.
Here drugs were plac'd destructive of all harms,
And books that deep futurity could scan:
Here stood a spell that of his rage disarms
The mountain lyon 'till he yields to man;
With many secrets more, which scarce repeat I can.

XXXIV.

The Squire of Dames deep enters in the cell!
What will not valiant heart for beauty dare?
His borrel fere here bids his friend farewell,
And home he wends renewing cark and care.
When, louting low with a becoming air,
The Youth cry'd out, "O thrice renowned Mage,
Vouchsafe to cure me of my black dispair;
For thou not only art grown wise through age,
But art of mortal man by far the wisest sage."

XXXV.

Then Merlin with a look benign reply'd,
(For he was bred with every courteous thew)
" I know to make fair Columbel your bride
The blatant-beast you through the lond pursue;
The fate of empires now demands my view,
And for awhile denys my presence here;
Soon in this cell I'll thee again salew,
What most thou lik'st partake withouten fear,
Share all my cave affords, nor think I grudge my chear.

XXXVI.

" Yet mark my counsel, open not that door,
Lest thou repent thy follies when too late,
Ten thousand pangs shall make thy heart full sore,
For horror scouls behind that heben gate,
And future ills shall thy dear peace amate;
There stands a mirror, wrought by magic leer,
In which are read the dark decrees of fate,
And whom you wish to see will streit appear,
Devoid of art's false mask, to human eye-sight clear.

XXXVII.

" Ah how unlike the godlike man he seem'd
In this my glass the patriot I've descry'd,
By the vile rabblement a saint esteem'd?
He's oft a wretch compos'd of sloth and pride:

And Kesars too, not seldom deify'd,
With other men their vice and follies share;
And by my mirror if the nymph be try'd,
It will without reserve the truth declare,
Ne flatter head that's crown'd, ne flatter face that's fair.

XXXVIII.

"Once more let me advise thee, gentle Squire,
Forbear to look at this same magic glass;
Do not too rashly into fate enquire—
But I to foreign stronds awhile must pass."
Th' unweeting youth cry'd to himself, "Alas!
Would I could know the lot to me assign'd!"
"Patience, quoth Merlin, doth all things surpass."
Then to his car were winged dragons join'd,
With which he sails thro' air, and far outstrips the wind.

XXXIX.

And now the Squire surveys the lonesome cave,
His wav'ring mind is in a whirlwind tost,
And now the mirror he resolves to brave,
And now he finds his boasted courage lost.
At length determin'd whatsoe'er it cost,
To see the glass, he darts into the cell;
And, lest his eyes by vild retrait be crost,
Thrice he invokes his lovely Columbel.
As Adam fell of yore, the Squire of Dames yfell.

XL.

The heben doors full widely he display'd,
And saw the lovely queen of all his heart,
Fair as the lily in the watry glade,
Bright as the morn, and bright withouten art.
Through every vein he feels a thrillant smart:
For the dear Maid lay on her bed undress'd,
And, may I unreprov'd the truth impart,
She hugg'd a lusty stripling to her breast,
Whom she full closely clipp'd, and wantonly caress'd.

XLI.

"O faytor false, O wicked imp of night!"
Exclaim'd the Squire astound, "ah! wellaway!
Let Erebus in pitchy stole bedight
With foulest sprites the sons of men affray,
And blot for ever the fair face of day.
Ye haggard sisters, sound my passing-bell;
Oh! ne'er believe, ye youths, what women say.
O losel loose, O impious Columbel!"
Then like a stean to earth full heavily he fell.

XLII.

There shall we leave him, for my leaky boat
Lets in the water, and I must recure
Her much worn hulk, that scarcely now can float,
And moor'd in harbour she shall ride secure;

Then if I can a pilot wise procure,
Mayhap I may again hoist forth my sail,
And other hardy voyages endure
Through shelves and shallows: now the adverse gale
Gives me some time to rest, and loud with joy I hail.

POEM IV.

SIR MARTYN;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF DISSIPATION.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

CANTO I.

The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
Of Pleasures faerie land,
Where Virtues budds are blighted as
By foul Enchanters wand.

I.

AWAKE, ye West Windes, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake!
Even now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Desmonds mouldering turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie-grass and the hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

II.

O for that namelesse powre to strike mine eare,
That powre of charme thy Naiads once possest,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs soothd the gentle brest
Of haplesse SPENSER; long with woes opprest,
Long with the drowsie Patrons smyles decoyd,
Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
The sabbath of his life the milde good man enjoyd:

III.

Enjoyd each wish; while rapt in visions blest
The Muses wooed him, when each evening grey
Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe drest
Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array
By forrest edge or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the carelesse Bard supine:
Oh happy man! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peacefull past these houres of thine!
Ah! could a sigh avail, such sweete calme peace
were mine!

IV.

Yet oft, as pensive through these lawns I stray,
Unbidden transports through my bosome swell;
With pleasing reverence awd mine eyes survey
The hallowed shades where SPENSER strung his
shell.

The brooke still murmurs through the bushy dell,
Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous rise
The hills green tops; still from her moss-white cell
Complayning Echoe to the stockdove sighs,
And Fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

V.

Then come, ye Genii of the place! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muses of the native lay!
Ye who these bancks did whilom constant roam,
And round your SPENSER ever gladsom play!
Oh come once more! and with your magick ray
These lawns transforming, raise the mystick scene—
The lawns already own your vertual sway,
Proud citys rise, with seas and wildes atweene;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

VI.

Towrd to the sky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the sunne, a rock fantastick rose;
From every rift the pink and primrose smild,
And redd with blossoms hung the wildings boughs;
On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows
On Mayes sweete morne a fragrant grove displayd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid chose;
From whence a reverend Wizard through the shade
Advaunst to meet my steps; for here me seemd I strayd.

VII.

White as the snow-drop round his temples flow'd
A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye,
Meint with Heaven's lightning, social mildnesse glowd;
Yet when him list queynt was his leer and slie,
Yet wondrous distant from malignitie;
For still his smyle did forcibly disclose
The soul of worth and warm hart-honestie:
Such winning grace as Age but rare bestows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the withering rose.

VIII.

Of skyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle loosely tyd his waist
Enwove with many a flowre from many a shore,
And half conceald and half reveald his vest,
His vest of silk, the Faerie Queenes bequest
What time she wooed him ere his head was grey;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addrest
To speech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildest prospect lay.

IX.

Younkling, quoth he, lo! where at thy desire
The wilderness of life extensive lies:
The path of blustering fame and warlike Ire,
Of scowling Powre and lean-boned Covetise,

Of thoughtlesse Mirth and Folly's giddy joys;
And whither all those paths illusive end,
All these at my command didactick rise,
And shift obedient as mine arm I bend.
He said, and to the field did strait his arm extend.

X.

Well worthy views, quoth I, rise all around,
But certes, lever would I see and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And fairest bloom no ripend fruit will bear:
Oft have I shed, perdie, the better tear
To see the shoots of Vertue shrink and dy,
Untimely blasted in the soft greene eare:
What evil blight thus works such villainy,
To tell, O reverend Seer, thy prompt enchantment try.

XI.

Ah me! how little doe unthinking Youth
Foresee the sorrowes of their elder age!
Full oft, quoth he, my Bosom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early stage,
Where Dissipations cup full deepe they pledge;
Ne can the Wizards saws disperse to flight
The ills that soon will warre against them wage,
Ne may the spells that lay the church-yarde Spright,
From Pleasures servile bands release the luckless Wight,

XII.

This truth to tell, see yonder landskepe rise,
An ample field of British clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick Eyes
Was viewd from hence. Thus, though the rural scene
Has by a thousand artists pencild beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A view full different, yet as faire beseene :
So shall these lawns present one lawnskepe more ;
For certes where we stand stood never wight before.

XIII.

In yonder dale does wonne a gentle Knight——
Fleet as he spake still rose the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the sight ;
It was, I weet, a goodly baronie :
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the sunny vale ystood ;
All round the east grew many a sheltering tree,
And on the west a dimpling silver flood
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the wood.

XIV.

How sweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres !

What pleasaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
Emong the hills and vales and shady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom salews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorn;

XV.

The fragrant orchard, where her golden store
Pomona lavishes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb so hore,
The nectrines redd, and pippins sheene to see,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
How happy here with Woodstocks laughing Swain
And Avons Bard of peerlesse memorie
To saunter through the dasie-whitened plain,
When Fancys sweetest Impe Dan Spenser joins the train.

XVI.

Ne to Syr MARTYN hight were these unknown;
Oft by the brooke his infant steps they led,
And oft the Fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing shape, stood round his morning bed:
Such happiness bloomd fair around his head.
Yet though his mind was formd each joy to taste,

From him, alas! dear homefelt Joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors still his cheated arms embraced;
Where all seemd flowrie gay, he found a dreary waste.

XVII.

Just when he had his eighteenth summer seen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As carelesse sauntering through the elm-fenced green,
He with his book beguild the closing day,
The dairy-Maide hight KATHRIN frisk'd that way;
A roguish twinkling look the gypsie cast,
For much she wishd the lemmans part to play;
Nathlesse unheeding on his way he past,
Ne enterd in his heart or wish or thought unchast.

XVIII.

Right plump she was, and ruddie glowd her cheek,
Her easie waiste in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curld down her shoulders sleek,
And halfe her bosome heaving met the sight,
Whiles gayly she accosts the sober wight:
Freedom and glee blythe sparkling in her eye
With wanton merrimake she trips the Knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover flye:
But soon he starten up, more gamesome by and bye.

XIX.

I ween, quoth she, you think to win a kiss,
But certes you shall woo and strive in vain.
Fast in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell; but loud and angry then
Gan she of shame and haviour vild complain,
While bashfully the weetlesse Boy did look:
With cunning smyles she viewd his awkward pain;
The smyle he caught, and eke new courage took,
And Kathrin then a kiss, perdie, did gentlie brook.

XX.

Fleet past the months ere yet the giddy Boy
One thought bestowd on what would surely be;
But well his Aunt perceiv'd his dangerous toy,
And sore she feard her auncient familie
Should now be staind with blood of base degree:
For sooth to tell, her liefest hearts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprong of Venus bright.

XXI.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baselie matching with plebeian bloud,
Whole nights she schemd to shonne thilk foull disgrace,
And Kathrin's bale in wondrous wrath she vowd:

Yet could she not with cunning portaunce shroud,
So as might best succede her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild slut aloud;
That soon she should her gracelesse thewes repent,
And stand in long white sheet before the parson shent.

XXII.

So spake the Wizard, and his hand he wavd,
And prompt the scenerie rose, where listless lay
The Knight in shady bowre, by streamlet lavd,
While Philomela sooth'd the parting day:
Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
And all her store of blandishments and wiles;
The Knight was touchd—but she with soft delay
And gentle teares yblends her languid smiles,
And of base falsitie th' enamourd Boy reviles.

XXIII.

Amazd the Boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultring oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
What mean these sighs? dispell thine ydle feares;
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.
And need, quoth she, need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Lost is my friends good-will, my mother's care—
By you deserted—ah! unhappy me!
Left to your Aunts fell spight, and weakfull crueltie.

XXIV.

My Aunt! quoth he, forsooth shall she command?
No; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,
He laughing said, and would have caught her hand;
Her hand she shifted to her blubberd face
With prudish modestie, and sobd, Alas!
Grant me your bond, or else on yonder tree
These silkin garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay! shall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghostes shall bring all hell to thee.

XXV.

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareless wight,
As when, aloft on well-stored cherrie-tree,
The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:
And will my bond forefend thilk miserie?
That shalt thou have; and for thy peace beside,
What mote I more? Housekeeper shalt thou be—
An awfull oath forthwith his promise tied,
And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blythesome bride.

XXVI.

His Aunt fell sick for very dole to see
Her kindest counsels scornd, and sore did pine

To think what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallins bloud debasd in Kathrins line;
For very dole she died. Oh sad propine,
Syr Knight, for all that care which she did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has she sat up rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee so kind with many a daintie cake!

XXVII.

Soft as the gossamer in summer shades
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,
So soft, so gently Pleasure mines her way:
But whither will the smiling Fiend betray,
Ah, let the Knights approaching dayes declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Bestrew her path, to desarts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

XXVIII.

Ah! says the Wizard, what may now availe
His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore!
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of Dissipation hight
Has shedd, with subtil stealth, through everie pore,

Its giddy poison, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to blight.

XXIX.

So the Canadian, train'd in drery wastes
To chace the foming bore and fallow deer,
At first the trader's beverage shylie tastes;
But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd he lusts for the delirious cheer:
So bursts the Boy disdainful of restrent
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent,
And dull and yrksome hangs the day in sports unspent.

XXX.

Now fly the wassal seasons wing'd with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy;
The Springs green months ycharmd with Cocking flee,
The jolly Horse-race Summers grand employ,
His Harvests Sports the foxe and hare destroy;
But the substantial Comforts of the Bowl
Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the Boy
With Englands cause, and swell his mightie soul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

XXXI.

Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hangs many a badgers snout and foxes tail,
The which he had through many a hedge persewd,
Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and delve and dale;
To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make you pale;
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
And not one circumstance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

XXXII.

Now on the turf the Knight with sparkling eyes
Beholds the springing Racers sweep the ground;
Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on, the rattling hoofs rebound;
The coursers groan, the cracking whips resound:
And gliding with the gale they rush along
Right to the stand. The Knight stares wildly round
And, rising on his sell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noisie throng.

XXXIII.

While thus the Knight persewd the shaddow Joy,
As youthly spirits thoughtlesse led the way,

Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to please, and ever kindlie gay;
Till like a thing bewitch'd, the carelesse wight
Resigns himself to her capricious sway:
Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound spright
In Necromancers thrall in halfe such pitteous plight.

XXXIV.

Her end accomplishd, and her hopes at stay,
What need her now, she recks, one smyle bestow;
Each care to please were trouble thrown away,
And thriftlesse waste, with many maxims moe,
As, What were she the better did she so?
She conns, and freely sues her native bent:
Yet still can she to guard his thralldom know,
Though grimd with snuff in tawdrie gown she went,
Though peevish were her spleen and rude her jolliment.

XXXV.

As when the linnett hails the balmie morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
Lively with joy, till on a lucklesse thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings;
The more he flutters still the more foredone:

So fares it with the Knight: each morning brings
His deeper thrall; ne can he brawling shun,
For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

XXXVI.

Or, when atop the hoary western hill
The ruddie Sunne appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome Trout then shews her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides,
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame divides.

XXXVII.

On the greene banck a truant Schoolboy stands;
Well has the urchin markt her mery play,
An ashen rod obeys his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimic fly across her way;
Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,
The hungrie Trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay;
Then, slylie nibbling, prudish from it flies,
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless prize.

XXXVIII.

Ah, then the Younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dred affright;
In vain the deepest rocke, her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

XXXIX.

Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
When by the rivletts bancks, with blushes coy,
April walkd forth—ah! never more to toy
In purling streame, she pants, she gasps and dies!
Aye me! how like the fortune of the Boy,
His days of revel and his nights of noise
Have left him now, involvd, his Lemman's hapless prize.

XL.

See now the changes that attend her sway;
The parke where rural Elegance had placed
Her sweete retreat, where cunning Art did play
Her happiest freaks, that Nature undefaced

Received new charmes; ah, see, how foul disgraced
Now lies thilke parke so sweetly wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste;
The bowling-greene has lost its shaven flore,
And snowd with washing suds now yawns beside the dore.

XLI.

All round the borders where the pansie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus speckled fine,
And daffodils in fayre confusion grew
Emong the rose-bush roots and eglantine;
These now their place to cabbages resign,
And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead;
Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
And laisie cucumbers on dung recline the head.

XLII.

The fragrant orchard, once the Summers pride,
Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisied greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were seene;
Or where the clear canal stretchd out atweene,
Deffly their locks with blossomes would they brede;
Or, resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily spread:

XLIII.

The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of blossome strewd the plain;
The hillocks gently rising through the land
Must now no trace of Natures steps retain;
The clear canal, the mirrour of the swain,
And bluish lake no more adorn the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain;
And where the moss-floord filbert bowres had beene,
Is now a turnip fielde and cow yarde nothing cleane.

XLIV.

An auncient crone, ycleped by housewives THRIFT,
All this devisd for trim Oeconomie;
But certes, ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high:
Coarse were her looks, yet smoothe her courtesie,
Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
And still she plodden round the kitchen fyre,
To save the smallest crombe her pleasure and desyre.

XLV.

Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and slow,
Fast at her side a bounch of keys yhong,
Dull Care sat brooding on her jealous brow,
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue:

Yet sparing though she beene her guestes emong,
Ought by herselfe, that she mote gormandise,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her gust suffice;
Albee in varied stream, still was it Covetise.

XLVI.

Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
This crooked Ronion, for in soothly guise
She was her genius and her counsellor:
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise
Bedeck each room, and much can she despise
The Knights complaints, and thriftlesse judgment ill:
Eke versd in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill;
Though useless, cheap they beene, and cheap she purchasd still.

XLVII.

His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
Did like to sing and worken all the day,
At seedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harvest feast still first did play;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer:
All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,
They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the rear.

XLVIII.

Ah happy days! but now no longer found:
No more with social hospitable glee
The village hearths at Christmas-tide resound,
No more the Whitsun gamboll may you see,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May daye jollitie
When the blythe maydens foot the deawy green;
But now, in place, heart-sinking penurie
And hopelesse care on every face is seen,
As these the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

XLIX.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
Muttering some words with serious-meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their name;
Then, nolens volens, they must heed the same,
And quight those fieldes their yeomen grandsires plowd
Eer since black Edwards days, when, crownd with fame,
From Cressie field the Knights old grandsire prowd
Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe allowd.

L.

But now the orphan sees his harvest fielde
Beneath the gripe of Laws stern rapine fall,

The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expelld,
Withdraws to some poor hutt with earthen wall:
And these, perdie, were Kathrins projects all;
For, sooth to tell, grievd was the Knight full sore
Such sinfull deeds to see: yet such his thrall,
Though he had pledgd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except she willd the same before.

LI.

Oh wondrous Powre of Womans wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too secure may be!
Not Circes cup may so transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious Powre, like thee;
Lo, manly Sense, of princely dignitie,
Witchd by thy spells, thy crowching slave is seen;
Lo, high-browd Honour bends the groveling knee,
And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

LII.

Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthlesse bondage on his slave impose,
As Kathrin on the Knight full deffly can;
Ne may the Knight escape, or cure his woes:
As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
With painful struggling up the steep height strains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but strength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains;
So toils the powrelesse Knight beneath his servile chains.

LIII.

His lawyer now assumes the guardians place;
Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing slie;
Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt so high;
Pleasd Dullness basking in his glossie eye,
The smyle would oft steal through his native phlegm;
And well he guards Syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peasant dares invade the game:
But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just claim.

LIV.

Now mortgage follows mortgage: Cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending case.
The Knights gay bloome the while slid fast away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace;
While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
And straitens still the more his galling thrall:
See now what scenes his houshold hours debase,
And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall.
So spake the Seer, and prompt the scene obeyd his call.

LV.

See, quoth the Wizard, how with foltering mien,
And discomposd yon stranger he receives;

Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
His frowning mistresse tô his friend behaves;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obay;
Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves,
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay:
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

LVI.

A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cause did still his lips inspire;
He begs the Knight by friendships long agone
To shelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whose cheerlesse fire
Sat Grief, and pale Disease. The poor mans wrong
Affects the Knight: his inmost hearts desire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confusd, and stung
With inward pain, he looks, and silence guards his tongue.

LVII.

See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
See, how with sidelong glaunce and haviour shy
He steals the look to read his Lemmans will,
Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy.
Look as he will, yet will she not comply.
His friend with scorn beholds his awkward pain;

From him even Pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the bursting laugh restrain,
With manlie Honor frowns on his unmanlie stain.

LVIII.

Let other scenes now rise, the Wizard said:
He wavd his hand, and other scenes arose.
See there, quoth he, the Knight supinely laid
Invokes the household houres of learnd repose;
An auncient Song its manly joys bestows:
The melting passion of the Nutt-brown Mayde
Glides through his breast; his wandering fancy glows,
Till into wildest reveries betrayd,
He hears th' imagind Faire, and wooes the lovely shade.

LIX.

Transported he repeats her constant vow,
How to the green wode shade, betide whateer,
She with her banishd Love would fearlesse goe,
And sweet would be with him the hardest cheer.
Oh heaven! he sighs, what blessings dwell sincere
In love like this!—But instant as he sighd,
Bursting into the room, loud in his ear
His Lemman thonders, Ah! fell dole betide
The girl that trusts in man before she bees his bride!

LX.

And must some Lemman of a whiffling song
Delight your fancy! she disdainful cries;
When strait her imps all brawling round her throng,
And, bleard with teares, each for revenge applies:
Him cheife in spleene the father means chastise,
But from his kindlie hand she saves him still;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wise
Yon yellew elfe she little spares to kill;
And then, next breath, does all to coax its stubborn will.

LXI.

Pale as the ghoste that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at heart, as halfe aswoon
The Knight stares round; yet good nor bad he sed.
Alas! though trembling anguish inward bled,
His best resolve soon as a meteor dies:
His present peace and ease mote chance have fled,
He deems; and yielding, looks most wondrous wise,
As from himself he hopd his grief and shame disguise.

LXII.

Woe to the wight whose hated home no more
The hallowd temple of Content may be!

While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His mistresse with her liefest companie,
A rude unletterd herd! with dearest glee,
Enjoys each whisper of her neighbours shame;
And still anon the flask of ratafie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name
Escapes their blasting tongue, or goody, wench, or dame.

LXIII.

One evening tide as with her crones she sate,
Making sweete solace of some scandall new,
A boistrous noise came thondring at the gate,
And soon a sturdie boy approachd in view;
With gold far glitteraund were his vestments blue
And pye-shapd hat, and of the silver sheen
An huge broad buckle glaunst in either shoe,
And round his necke an India kerchiefe clean,
And in his hand a switch: a jolly wight I ween.

LXIV.

Farre had he saild, and roamd the foamy deepe,
Where ruddie Phoebus slacks his firie team;
(With burning golde then flames th' ethereal steepe,
And Oceans waves like molten silver seem)
Eke had he seen, with diamond glittering beam,
The starre of morn awake the roseate day,
While yet beneath the moone old Nilus stream

Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
As through the midnight skyes appeares the milky way.

LXV.

Through the Columbian world, and verdant iles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent sped:
Eke had he beene where flowry Sommer smiles
At Christmas tide, where other heavens are spred,
Besprent with starres that Newton never red,
Where in the North the sun of noone is seene:
Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
Wherever Gama saild, there had he beene,
Gama, the dearling care of Beautys heavenly Queene.

LXVI.

Eke had he plied the rivers and the coast
Where bold Neârch young Ammons fleet did guide;
A task so dred the world-subduing host
Could not another for such feats provide:
And often had he seen that ocean wide
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did say
None but th' immortal Gods had ever spyd;
Which sight, quoth he, will all your toils repay:
That none mote see it more als he the Gods did pray.

LXVII.

Through these outlandish shores and oceans dire
For ten long seasons did the younkling toil,
Through stormes, through tempests, and the battels fire,
Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the hope the while
Of yet revisiting his natal soil:
And oft, when flying in the monsoon gale,
By Aethiopias coast or Javas ile,
When glauncing over Oceans bosom pale,
The ship hung on the winds with broad and steadie sail:

LXVIII.

Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-spred wing unmov'd, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdons brow prepard to light,
Sailing the liquid skye he sheer descends:
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The scenes of promist bliss would warm the Boy;
To meet his brother with each wish yblends,
And friendships glowing hopes each thought employ;
And now at home arrivd his heart dilates with joy.

LXIX.

Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
To spy the streamlett or the elm-tree shade,

Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in merry childhoode playd:
But all was changd!—Unweetingly dismayd
A cold foreboding impulse thrills his breast;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in she kens the stranger guest:
Then with sad mien she rose, and kindlie him embrast.

LXX.

Great marvell at her solemn cheer he made;
Then, sobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne, she gently said;
But what mishap! our infant familie,
The dearest babes, though they were nought to me,
That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie plight:
What shall we do!—great were your courtesie
To lodge in yonder tenants house to night;
The skilfull leache forbids that noise my babes should fright.

LXXI.

Blunt was the Boy, and to the farme-house nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a gossip pert and sly:
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duske suspend the plowmans cares,
When from his rural sportes arrives the Knight;

Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he shares,
His hall resounds!—amazd the stranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell despight.

LXXII.

Late was the houre whenas the Knight was tould
Of stranger guest; Go, bid him welcome here;
What seeks he there? quoth he. Perdie, what would
You seek? says to the Boy the messenger.
To see the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he scornes to come; the servant said.
Go, bid him still, quoth he, to welcome cheer:
But all contrarywise the faytor made,
Till rage enflamd the Boy; and still his rage they fed:

LXXIII.

Your brother, quoth the hostesse, soon will waste
His faire estate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie fast.
Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with speed,
And wise he lookt, and wisely shook his hede.
Him now impowrd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his steed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely shent:
All which to Kathrins mind gave wondrous great content.

CANTO II.

In musefull stownd Syr Martyn rews
His Youthhedes thoughtlesse stage;
But Dissipation haunts him to
The blossomes of old age.

I.

With gracefull pause awhile the Wizard stood,
Then thus resumd,—As he whose homeward way
Lies through the windings of some verdant wood;
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He sues the flowery steps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnskepe new
Bursts on his sight; yet, never once astray,
Still home he wends: so we our theme pursue,
Through many a bank and bowre close following still our cue.

II.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of a plaintive streame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance shed;
Safe from the thonder showre and scorching beame
Their faerie charmes the summer bowres displaid;

Wyld by the bancks the bashfull cowslips spread,
And from the rock above each ivied seat
The spotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kist the wanderers feet :
Sure never Hyblas bees rovd through a wilde so sweet.

III.

As winds the streamlett serpentine along,
So leads a solemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and secret lay ;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
Waves round the cave ; and to the blue-streakd skyes
A shatterd rock towres up in fragments gray :
The shee-goat from its height the lawnskepe eyes,
And calls her wanderd young, the call each banck replies.

IV.

Here oft the Knight had past the Sommers morne
What time the wondering Boy to manhood rose,
When Fancy first her lawnskepes gan adorne,
And Reasons folded buddes their flowres disclose,
What time young Transport through the spirits flows,
When Nature smyles with charmes unseen before,
When with unwonted hopes the bosome glows,

While wingd with whirlwind speed the thoughts explore
The endlesse wylde of joys that Youth beholds in store.

V.

The Dryads of the place, that nurst the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hycinths bell,
For him employd their virtue breathing powres,
And Cambrias Genius bade his worth excell.
His youthful breast confest the wondrous spell;
His generous temper warmd with fayre design,
The friend and patriot now his bosome swell,
The lover and the father now combine,
And smyling visions form, where bliss and honour join.

VI.

Of these loved soothings this the loved retreat
Must now no more with dreams of bliss decoy;
Yet here he liken still himself to meet,
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts employ:
Oh lost to peace, he sighs, unhappy Boy!
Oh lost to every worth that life adorns!—
Oh lost to peace, to elegance, and joy!
Th' aërial Genius of the cave returns,
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive Naiade mourns.

VII.

Thus as he spake the magic lawnskepe rose,
The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill;
See, quoth the Wizard, where the Knight bestows
An houre to thought and Reasons whispers still;
Whiles, as a nightly vision boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering swayne,
TRUTH, gleaming through the fogs of biast will,
Frowns on him sterne, and honest SHAME gins fayne
In her reflective glass his life's ignoble straine.

VIII.

His earlie hopes she shews and shews againe:
How oft hast Thou, she cries, indignant viewd
The titled Cypher and his solemn traine,
The busie face, and dull solicitude,
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a soul to reach one noble aim,
Nor soul, nor wish—whose vacant mind endewd
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden bust the sacred wreath of Fame:

IX.

Who to the patrons lawrells would aspire,
By labouring in the British clime to rear

Those arts that quencht prowd Romes patrician fire,
And bowd her prone beneath the Gothick spear;
Illustrious cares! befitting patriot peer!
Italian sing-song and the eunuchs squall!
Such arts as soothd the base unmanly ear
Of Greece and Persia bending to their fall;
When Freedome bled unwept, and scornd was Glorys call.

X.

While these thy breast with scorne indignant fird,
What other views before thee would disclose!
As Fancy painted and thy wish inspird,
What glorious scenes beneath thy shades arose!
Britannias guardians here dispell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;
There Albion, smyling on their learnd repose,
Sees manly Genius in their influence smile,
And spread the hallowd streames of Virtue round the ile.

XI.

How blest, ah Heaven! such selfe-approving houres,
Such views still opening, still extending higher,
Cares whence the state derives its firmest powres,
And scenes where Friendship sheds her purest fire!

And did, ah shame! these hopes in vain expire
A morning dreame!—As lorn the spendthrift stands,
Who sees the fieldes bequeathed him by his sire,
His own no more, now reapt by strangers hands;
So languid must I view faire Honours fertile lands.

XII.

Silence would then ensue; perhaps reclind
On the greene margin of the streame he lay,
While softlie stealing on his languid mind
Th' ideal scene would hold a moments sway,
And the domestick houre all smyles display,
Where fixt esteeme the fond discourse inspires:
Now through his heart would glide the sprightlie ray
Where Married Love bids light his purest fires,
Where Elegance presides, and wakes the Young Desires.

XIII.

Strait to his brawling Lemman turns his mind;
Shockd he beholds the odious colours rise,
Where selfishnesse, low pride and spleen combind,
Bid every anguishd thought his mate despise,
His mate unformd for sweete Affections ties:
Grovling, indelicate—Stung to the heart
His indignation heaves in stifled sighs;

But soon his passion bursts with suddein start:
His children strike his thoughts with lively piersant smart.

XIV.

The mothers basenesse in their deeds he sees,
And all the wounded father swells his breast:
Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footsteps haste,
While sullenly he soothes his soul to rest.
Meantime the opening prospect wide he gains,
Where, crownd with oake, with meadow flowres ydrest,
His British chaplet, buxom Summer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the smyling plains.

XV.

Still as he slow ascends, the bounteous farms,
And old grey towres of rural churches rise,
The fieldes still lengthening shew their crowded charms
In fayre perspective and in richest guise:
His sweeping scythe the white-sleevd mower plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acrosse the wheaten fielde the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, foreby the reedy streame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders seeme.

XVI.

See, now the Knight arrives where erst an oak
Dan Aeols blustering stormes did long repell,
Till witchd it was, when by an headlong shock,
As the hoar fathers of the village tell,
With horrid crash on All Saints eve it fell:
But from its trunk soon sproutling saplings rose,
And round the parent stock did shadowy swell;
Now, aged trees, they bend their twisted boughs,
And by their moss-greene roots invite the swains repose.

XVII.

Here on a bending knare he pensive leans,
And round the various lawnskepe raunge his eyes:
There stretch the corny fieldes in various greens,
Farre as the sight: there, to the peaceful skyes
The darkning pines and dewy poplars rise:
Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea,
With sheep faire spotted, farre extended lies,
With here and there a lonlie blasted tree;
And from between two hills appears the duskie sea.

XVIII.

Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
Shifts o'er the fieldes, now gilds the woody dale,
The flockes now whiten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale;
And white from farre appeares the frequent sail,

By Traffick spread. Moord where the land divides,
The British red-cross waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre ship rides,
And over the greene wave with lordly port presides.

XIX.

Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre
Long gazd the Knight, with fretfull languid air;
Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
Pours forth his soul: Oh, glorious happy care!
To bid Britannias navies greatly dare,
And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in Trades unbounded chain,
And bid the British Throne the mighty Whole sustain.

XX.

With what superiour lustre and command
May stedfast Zeal in Albion's Senate shine!
What glorious lawrells court the Patriots hand!
How base the hand that can such Meed decline!
And was, kind Fate! to snatch these honors mine?
Yes! greene they spred, and fayre they bloomd for me;
Thy birth and duty bade the chiefe be thine;
Oh lost, vain Trifler, lost in each degree!
Thy Country never turnd her hopefull eyes on Thee.

XXI.

Yet, how the Fielde of Worth luxurious smiles!
Nor Africk yields, nor Chilys earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crown the Plowmans toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannias plains;
Even on her mountains cheerfull Plenty reigns,
And wildly grand her fleecy wardrobe spreads.
What noble Meed the honest Statesman gains,
Who through these publique nerves new vigour sheds,
And bids the Useful Artes exalt their drooping heads:

XXII.

Who, founding on the Plough and humble Loome
His Countrys greatnesse, sees, on every tide,
Her fleets the umpire of the world assume,
And spread her justice as her glories wide—
Oh wonder of the world, and fairest pride,
Britannias Fleet! how long shall Pity mourn
And stain thy honours? from his weeping Bride
And starving babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold Sailor mount thy decks with heart forlorn!

XXIII.

Forlorn with sinking heart his task he plies,
His Brides distresse his restlesse fancy sees,
And fixing on the land his earnest eyes,
Cold is his breast and faint his manly knees.

Ah! hither turn, ye sons of courtlie Ease,
And let the Brave Mans wrongs, let Interest plead:
Say, while his arme his Countrys fate decrees,
Say, shall a Fathers anguish be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blight each mighty deed?

XXIV.

Whatever Party boasts thy glorious name,
O THOU reservd by Heavens benign decree
To blast those artes that quench the British flame,
And bid the meanest of the Land be free;
Oh, much Humanity shall owe to Thee!
And shall that palm unenvyd still remain!
Yet hear, ye Lordlings, each severitie,
And every woe the labouring tribes sustain,
Upbraids the Man of Powre, and dims his honours vain.

XXV.

While thus the Knights long smotherd fires broke forth,
The rousing musicke of the horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the North
Where bends the hill, the sounding chace appears;
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
The Youths on coursers fleet as fallow deers

Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray;
Away! the jolly Huntsman cries; and Echoe sounds, Away!

XXVI.

Now han the beagles scourd the bushy ground,
Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,
When all confusd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haste explord the scent:
But Reynards cunning all in vain was spent;
The huntsman from his stand his arts had spyd,
Had markt his doublings and his shrewd intent,
How both the bancks he trac'd, then backward plyd
His track some twentie roods, then bounding sprong aside.

XXVII.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, hearkening everie sound, an hare was laid;
Then from the thickest bush he slylie lept,
And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
Till by the hills slant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thickett: Emblem meet
Of wylie statesman of his foes adred;
He oft misguides the peoples rage, I weet,
On others, whilst himself winds off with slie deceit.

XXVIII.

The cunning Huntsman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an instant slain:
Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track
Right to the hill; while thondring through the plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial train:
And now the Groomes and Squires, Cowherds and Boys,
Beat round and round the brake; but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noise,
Till plonging in his den the Terrier fiercely joys.

XXIX.

Expelld his hole, upstarts to open sky
The Villain bold, and wildly glares around;
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly,
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound,
His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
The Pack attonce rush on him: foming ire,
Fierce at his throte and sides hangs many a hound;
His burning eyes flash wylde red sparckling fire,
Whiles weltring on the swaird his breath and strength expire.

XXX.

Straight to Syr Martyns hall the Hunters bend,
The Knight perceives it from his oake-crownd hill,

Down the steep furzie height he slow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating still;
While grief and shame by turns his bosom fill.
And now, perchd prowdlie on the topmost spray,
The sootie Blackbird chaunts his vespers shrill;
While Twilight spreads his robe of sober grey,
And to their bowres the Rooks loud cawing wing their way:

XXXI.

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore
Flames the red beam; while on the distant East
Led by her starre, the horned Moone looks o'er
The bending forest, and with rays increast
Ascends; while trembling on the dappled West
The purple radiance shifts, and dies away;
The willows with a deeper green imprest
Nod o'er the brooks: the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy Peace assumes her woodland sway.

XXXII.

All was repose, all but Syr Martyns brest;
There, Passions tearing gusts tempestuous rise.
Are these, he murmurs, these my friends! the best
That croud my hall! the Sonnes of madning Noise,
Whose warmest friendship with the revel dies?
Whose glee it were my dearest peace destroy,

Who with my woes could sport, my wrongs despise;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of Joy,
And on my crimes even then their base-tongued witt employ:

XXXIII.

Whose converse, oft as fulsom Bawdrie fails,
Takes up the barkings of Impiety,
The Scepticks wild disjointed dreams retails,
These modern ravings of Philosophy
Made drunk, the Cavil, the detected Ly,
The witt of Ignorance, and Gloss unfair,
Which honest Dullness would with shame deny;
The hope of Baseness vaumpt in Candours air:
Good Heaven! are such the friends that to my hearth repair!

XXXIV.

The Man of Worth shuns Thy reputelesse dore;
Even the old Peasant shakes his silverd head,
Old saws and stories babbling evermore,
And adding still, Alas, those dayes be fled!
Here Indignation pausd, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his houshold smoke ascends;
Wakd at the sight, his Brothers wrongs upbraid
His melting heart, and grief his bosome rends:
And now the keene Resolve its gleaming comfort lends.

XXXV.

Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
My Knight should rise the flowre of Chivalrie,
Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another Saint George England then should see,
Britannias Genius should his Sabra bee,
Chaind to the rock by Dragon to be slain;
But he the Virgin Princesse soon should free,
And stretch the monster breathlesse on the plain;
Bribery, the Dragon huge, should never rise again.

XXXVI.

Eke should he, freed from foul Enchaunters spell,
Escape his faulse Duessas magicke charms,
And Folly quaid, yclepd an Hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous Lady to his arms;
While Bardes and Minstrales chaunt the soft alarms
Of gentle Love, unlike his former thrall.
Eke should I sing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feast, servd up by Seneshall,
To Knights and Ladies gent in painted bowre and hall.

XXXVII.

But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites,
And does of human frailtie soothly tell,

Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of Phantasie, that never yet befell:
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the best good heart its bliss secure,
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where DISSIPATION once has fixt her footing sure.

XXXVIII.

Such was the powre that angrie JOVE bestowd
On this faire Nymph: the legend thus is told.
To *Dians* care her life her Mother owd;
Faire *Dian* found her naked on the wold,
Some Peasants babe, exposed to deadlie cold,
And to a favorite Satyr gave to rear:
Then, when the Nymph was fifteen springtimes old,
Equipt her with the bow and Huntresse spear,
And of her Woodland Traine her made a welcome fere.

XXXIX.

But ill her mind received chast *Phoebes* lore,
Fain would she at the chace still lag behind:
One sultry noone, as *Phoebe* sped afore,
Beneath a leafy vine the nymph reclind,
And, Fan my breast, she cried, O Western Wind!
Soon at the wishd-for word *Favonius* came.
From that day forth the conscious Nymph declind

The near inspection of the Sovereign Dame;
Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betrayd
her shame.

XL.

Her throes with scorne the taunting Dryads eyd,
The Nymph changd colour, and hung down her
head;
Still change thy blushing hue, the Goddess cryd:
Forthwith a freezing languor can invade
Her limbs; and now, with suddein leaves arrayd,
A *Russian Poppey* she transmewd remains;
The various colours ever rise and fade,
The tints still shifting mock the Painters pains;
And still her drowsie mood the beauteous Nymph re-
tains.

XLI.

Meanwhile his new-born elfe *Favonius* bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away;
And with the Fawns, by *Peneus* flowry shore,
From earliest youth the laughing Imp did play,
For ever fluttering, debonair, and gay,
And restlesse, as the dove *Deucalion* sent
To spy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent;
But ydlie beating round the day in vain was spent.

XLII.

When now the Nymph to riper yeares gan rise,
To fayre PARNASSUS groves she took her flight;
There, culling flowretts of a thousand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight;
As soon the wreath ill sorted would she quight:
Ne ever did she climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore its lofty height,
Ne did she ever taste the sacred rill
From Inspirations fount that ever doth distill.

XLIII.

Her sprightly levitie was from her Syre,
Her drowsy dulness from her Mother sprong;
This never would allow her mind aspyre,
That never would allow her patience long,
Thus as she slightly rovd the lawns among,
High JOVE beheld her from his starry seat,
And calld her DISSIPATION: Wylde and young
Still shalt Thou be, he said; and this thy fate,
On Man thy sleights employ, on Man that prowd ingrate.

XLIV.

All happinesse he claims his virtues due,
And holds him injurd when my care denies
The fondling wish, whence sorrow would ensue;
And idle still his prayers invade my skies:
But bold and arduous must that virtue rise

Which I accept, no vague inconstant blaze.
Then be it Thine to spred before his eyes
Thy changing colors, and thy wyld-fire rays,
And fruitlesse still shall be that virtue thou canst daze.

XLV.

So swore the God, by gloomy *Styx* he swore:
The Fates assented, and the Daemon flew
Right to the Seats of Men. The robe she wore
Was starrd with dewdrops, and of palest blue;
Faire round her head playd many a beauteous hue,
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres plays;
The fleeting tints the Swaynes with wonder view,
And ween to snatch a prize beneath the rays;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor strays.

XLVI.

So shone the Nymph, and prankt in Pleasures guize
With wylie traines the Sonnes of Earth besett;
Goodnesse of Heart before her yawns and dies,
And Friendship ever feels the drowsie fitt
Just when its powre to serve could serve a whitt.
And still behind her march REMORSE and SHAME,
That never will their yron scourge remitt,
Whenso the Fiend resigns her thralls to them:
Sad case, I weet, where still Oneselfe Oneselfe must blame.

XLVII.

Long had the Knight to her his powres resignd;
In wanton dalliance first her nett she spred,
And soon in mirthfull tumult on his mind
She softlie stole: yet, while at times he sped
To contemplations bowre, his sight she fled;
Ne on the mountainett with him durst bide;
Yet homewards still she mett him in the glade,
And in the social cup did slily glide,
And still his best resolves eftsoons she scatterd wide.

XLVIII.

And now, as slowly sauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie musefull stowre,
The smooth Deceiver gan his heart assail;
His heart soon felt the fascinating powre:
Old Cambrias Genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her sea-greene hair;
The conscious oakes above him rustling lowre,
And through the braunches sighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant JOVE rejects the Flamens prayer.

XLIX.

The Dryads of the Grove, that oft had fird
His opening mind with many a raptured dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inspird,
All by the silent hill or murmuring stream,

Forsake him now; for all as lost they deem:
So home he wends; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote seem,
And with the Hunters soon full blythe was he,
The blythest wight of all that blythesome companie.

L.

As when th' Autumnal Morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen besprent with silver hore,
Across the stubble, brushing off the dew,
The younkling Fowler gins the fieldes explore,
And, wheeling oft, his Pointer veres afore,
And oft, sagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays; with thondring rore
The shott resounds, loud echoing through the dale;
But still the Younkling kills nor partridge, snipe, nor quail.

LI.

Yet still the queint excuse is at command;
The dog was rash, a swallow twitterd by,
The gun hung fire, and keenness shook his hand,
And there the wind or bushes hurt his eye.
So can the Knight his mind still satisfye:
A lazie Fiend, SELF IMPOSITION hight,
Still whispers some excuse, some gilden lye,
Himselfe did gild to cheat himselfe outright;
God help the man bewitchd in such ungracious plight.

LII.

On DISSIPATION still this Treachor waits,
Obsequiously behind at distance due;
And still to DISCONTENTS accursed gates,
The House of Sorrow, these ungodlie Two,
Conduct their fainty thralls—Great things to do
The Knight resolvd, but never yet could find
The proper time, while still his miseries grew:
And now these Daemons of the captive Mind
Him to the drery Cave of DISCONTENT resignd.

LIII.

Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay;
Wide was the mouth, the roofe all rudely rent;
Some parts receive, and some exclude the Day,
For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went:
The ragged walls with lightning seemd ybrent,
And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore:
Yet all in sight, with towres and castles gent,
A beauteous lawnskepe rose afore the dore,
The which to view so fayre the Captives grieved sore.

LIV.

All by the gate, beneath a pine shade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, some tents were spred;
Here sat a Throng, with eager furious stare
Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes halfe dead,
Some drowsie Dronkards, looking black and red,

Dozd out their days: and by the path-way green
A sprightlie Troupe still onward heedlesse sped,
In chace of butterflies alert and keen;
Honours, and Wealth, and Powre, their butterflies I ween.

LV.

And oft, disgustfull of their various cares,
Into the Cave they wend with sullen pace;
Each to his meet apartment dernly fares:
Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight most bace,
The Dronkard sitts; there, shent with foul disgrace,
The thriftlesse Heir; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his Friends heart gore, in woefull cace
The Duellist raves; and there, on vetchie bed,
Crazd with his vaine pursuits, the Maniack bends his head.

LVI.

Yet round his gloomy cell, with chalk he scrawls
Ships, coaches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree;
All that he wishd or feard his ghastlie walls
Present him still, and mock his miserie.
And there, self-doomd, his cursed selfe to flee,
The Gamester hangs in corner murk and dread;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungratious knee;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Dim seen, cold Horror gleams athwart th' unhallowed shade.

LVII.

Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The Keeper of the Cave all haggard satt,
His pining corse a restlesse ague shook,
And blistering sores did all his carkas frett:
All with himselfe he seemd in keen debate;
For still the muscles of his mouthe he drew
Ghastly and fell; and still with deepe regrate
He lookd him round, as if his heart did rew
His former deeds, and mournd full sore his sores to view.

LVIII.

Yet not Himselfe, but Heavens Great King he blamd,
And dard his wisdom and his will arraign;
For boldly he the ways of God blasphemd,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vile Selfe-pity would his eyes distain;
As when an Wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And views with scalding teares his bleeding wound:
Such fierce Selfe-pity still this Wights dire portaunce crownd.

LIX.

Near by there stood an hamlet in the dale,
Where, in the silver age, CONTENT did wonne;

This now was His: yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever shun;
But ever through his Neighbours lawns would run,
Where every goodlie fielde thrice goodlie seemd.
Such was this weary Wight all woe-begone;
Such was his life; and thus of things he deemd;
And suchlike was his Cave, that all with sorrowes teemd.

LX.

To this fell Carle gay DISSIPATION led,
And in his dreary purlieus left the Knight.
From the dire Cave fain would the Knight have fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous Nymphe from flight:
But now the late Obtruder shuns his sight,
And dearly must be wooed: hard by the den,
Where listless Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A transient visit sometimes would he gain,
While Wine and merry Song beguild his inward pain.

LXI.

Yet, ever as he reard his slombering head,
The ghastly tyrant at his couch stood near;
And ay with ruthless clamour gan upbraid,
And words that would his very heartstrings tear:
See now, he sayes, where setts thy vain career;
Approching elde now wings its cheerlesse way,
Thy fruitlesse Autumn gins to blanch thy heare,

And aged Winter asks from Youth its stay;
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonourd gray.

LXII.

Thou hast no friend! — still on the worthlesse Traine
Thy kindnesse flowd, and still with scorne repaid;
Even she on whom thy favours heapt remain,
Even she regards thee with a bosome dead,
To kindly passion, and by motives led
Such as the Planter of his Negro deems;
What profit still can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams:
So, farre remote from her, thy troubles she esteems.

LXIII.

Thy Children too! Heavens! what a hopelesse sight!
Ah, wretched Syre!—but ever from this scene
The wretched Syre precipitates his flight,
And in the Bowls wylde fever shuns his teene.
So pass his dayes, while What he might have beene
Its beauteous views does every morne present:
So pass his dayes, while still the raven SPLEEN
Croaks in his eares, The brightest parts mispent
Beget an hoarie age of griefe and discontent.

LXIV.

But boast not of superior shrewd addresse,
Ye who can calmly spurn the ruind Mayd,
Ye who unmovd can view the deepe distresse
That crushes to the dust the Parents head,
And rends that easie heart by You betrayd,
Boast not that Ye his numerous woes eskew;
Ye who unawd the Nuptial couch invade,
Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view;
For worthy is He still compard, perdie, to YOU.

POEM V.

THE *MINSTREL*; OR, THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BY

JAMES BEATTIE, L.L.D.

BOOK I.

I.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

II.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all.
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had HE, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay,
How forth THE MINSTREL fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey:
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor Villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide:
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign:

Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony! and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

VI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

IX.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,

And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart,
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart:
For, ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

XI.

There lived in Gothick days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went.

XIII.

From labor health, from health contentment springs.
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phoebe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;

Each season look'd delightful, as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

XV.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair.
His birth no oracle or seer foretold:
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of EDWIN's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.

The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad :
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped ;
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phoebus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the wo of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

XIX.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,

And view th' enormous waste of vapor, tost
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

XXIII.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?

For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV.

" Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd !
Ah ! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd ;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound.
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And, hark ! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders ; and with wasteful sway,
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

XXV.

" Yet such the destiny of all on earth :
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Born on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old-age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

" And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

" Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive;
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

XXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.

" Let man's own sphere (said he) confine his view,
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him, to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

XXIX.

" And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Wo,
O never, never turn away thine ear.
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own."

XXX.

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly!
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chace thine ardor has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And Disappointment of her sting disarm.
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

XXXII.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering ailes along.

XXXIII.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;

And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his intranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed ministrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft hast reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow?
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;

The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling plowman stalks afield; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!

Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! hence! lest the Muse should deign,
(Though loath on theme so mean to waste a rhyme)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide;
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;
For well I know, where ever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

XLIII.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the Beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,

Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
The moon-light revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade.
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the Beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die.
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:
"For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance darest defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store.

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear.
"But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe?"
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope; to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.

But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend!
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end!

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why? their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders wit.

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth:
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue;

Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melancholy!

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

LVII.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
Song was his favorite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scan'd with curious and romantic eye.

Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury control'd,
And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.

LX.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if MONTAGU should smile,
New strains erelong shall animate thy frame.
And her applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords his taste refined.

At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom nature's charms inspire, and love of humankind.

BOOK II.

I.

Of chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never never cease to wail:
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where th' Atlantick rolls wide continents have bloom'd.

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas, we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,

Of candor, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelesly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

IV.

Perish the lore that deadens young desire,
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, though loved of heaven, must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy:
But now and then the shades of life explore;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

V.

Vigor from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;

But ah it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made:
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,

Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantick visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole.

X.

" Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose;
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

XI.

" Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

XII.

" True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow."

This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow,
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew:
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
"Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
Ashamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd
And hug'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze
Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal blaze.

XIV.

"Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue!
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever, from my view.

XV.

" The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

XVI.

" The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease!
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring!

XVII.

" Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,

Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

XVIII.

" And thither let the village swain repair;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo;
And when mild Evening comes with mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

XIX.

" For though I fly to scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
O Man, creation's pride, heaven's darling child,
Whom nature's best divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favorite haunts with blood and tears defiled!

XX.

" Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends Night's lovely queen!
Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear!
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien!
O when shall that Eternal Morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear!

XXI.

" O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from th' abyss; when dark Confusion, driven
Down down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
And chear the wandering soul, and light him on the way."

XXII.

Silence ensued: and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
" And is it thus in courtly life (he cries)

That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
And dares he thus the gifts of heaven pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire!
Hail poverty! if honor, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!"

XXIII.

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the Sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
The Youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew.
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue;
For man he seem'd to love, and heaven to fear;
And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
"Yet can man's gentle heart become so fell!
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell;
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

XXV.

At early dawn the Youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd, and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild; where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An antient man: his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeliug, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreathe of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a flowret small.

XXVI.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching: innocence
Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
"Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from whence?
Why roam thy steps to this abandon'd dale?"
"A shepherd-boy (the Youth replied), far hence
My habitation; hear my artless tale;
Nor levity nor falshood shall thine ear assail.

XXVII.

"Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;
And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound;
(For in thy speech I recognise the sound).

You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
Pondering on former days by guilt engross'd,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

XXVIII.

" But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul?
Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul
As those which felons, fiends, and furies plan?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tygers prowl;
Love is the godlike attribute of man.
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

XXIX.

" Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm, contented mind;
Which, late, exulting, view'd in Nature's frame,
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleased with all, but most with humankind;
When fancy roam'd through Nature's works at will,
Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill."

XXX.

" Wouldst thou (the Sage replied) in peace return
To the gay dreams of fond romantick youth,
Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth :
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know.
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to wo.

XXXI.

" But let untender thoughts afar be driven ;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
The voice of The Eternal said, Be free :
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey ;
For virtue is the child of liberty,
And happiness of virtue ; nor can they
Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

" Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower ;
And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lower ;

For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain:
Come often then; for, haply, in my bower,
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain:
If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here Chiefs their thirst of power in blood asswage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn:
Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo, erelong, is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and clasp th' abandon'd urn.

XXXIV.

"Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
Where ruin's gulph unfathom'd yawns beneath!
Shall life, shall liberty be lost, (he said)
For the vain toys that Pomp and Power bequeath!
The car of victory, the plume, the wreathe,
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave;
No note the clarion of Renown can breathe,
T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
Or check the headlong haste of Time's o'erwhelming wave.

XXXV.

" Ah, what avails it to have traced the springs
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with steel!
To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern;
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn!

XXXVI.

" This praise, O Cheronean Sage, is thine.
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong!)
All else from Nature's moral path decline,
Lured by the toys that captivate the throng;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVII.

" O who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that elysian age (misnamed of gold)
The age of love, and innocence, and joy,

When all were great and free! man's sole employ
To deck the bosom of his parent earth;
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,
And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

XXXVIII.

"Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour went.
Nature supply'd the wish she taught to crave.
None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent.
To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

XXXIX.

"But ah! th' Historic Muse has never dared
To pierce those hallow'd bowers; 'tis Fancy's beam
Pour'd on the vision of th' enraptured Bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!

Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
And meditate on heaven; enough of earth I know.

XL.

" I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)
For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays
In modest Truth no light nor beauty find,
And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined?

XLI.

" Fancy enervates, while it sooths, the heart,
And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night.
And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

XLII.

" And yet, alas, the real ills of life
Claim the full vigor of a mind prepared,
Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
We fare on earth as other men have fared.
Were they successful? Let not us despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,
How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd to bear.

XLIII.

" What charms th' Historick Muse adorn, from spoils,
And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils
Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
And peace, through every age divinely bright
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus inshrined
In power, and man with man for mutual aid combined?

XLIV.

" Hail sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd!
Hail sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain'd!
Without you what were man? A groveling herd

In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
In arts unrival'd : O, to latest days,
In Albion may your influence unprofaned
To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays!

XLV.

" But now let other themes our care engage.
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solicitude give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

XLVI.

" Then waken from long lethargy to life
The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought;
Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
As Phoebus to the world, is Science to the soul.

XLVII.

" And Reason now through Number, Time, and Space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high!
Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,
Such glory bear!—for lo, the shadows fly
From nature's face; Confusion disappears,
And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

XLVIII.

" In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and griesly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the laboring moon,
Or chace the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

XLIX.

" Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stun'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,

Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

L.

"And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane.
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood;
For there, each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

LI.

"'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale:
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,

Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

LII.

" What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire!
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
A while, and turn aside Death's level'd dart,
Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire;
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LIII.

" Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips of Love.

LIV.

" What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil!
They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-versed in man the philosophic Sage
Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to asswage.

LV.

" 'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil, and clime
Explored, a nation's various powers can bind
And various orders, in one Form sublime
Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe."

LVI.

Enraptured by the Hermit's strain, the Youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
New energies, and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses: Fancy now no more

Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVII.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
The cold desponding breast of Sloth to warm,
The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

LVIII.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shared
And bless'd, the Muse, and her celestial art,
Still claim th' Enthusiast's fond and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compared
And variously combined, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the Bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

LIX.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardor to adorn; but Nature now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where Ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unwieldy line.

LX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:
Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his soul,
How the red current throb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond controul,
Without art graceful, without effort strong,
Homer raised high to heaven the loud, th' impetuous song.

LXI.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skill'd to sooth, to triumph, to complain,
Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain,

I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound,
With strembling step, to join yon weeping train,
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around;
And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death
resound.

LXII.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!
He sleeps in dust. Ah, how should I pursue
My theme! To heart-consuming grief resign'd
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu!

LXIII.

Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled!
And am I left to unavailing woe!
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go!
No more thy soothing voice my anguish chears;
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh
my tears.

NOTES

ON

POEMS

IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.

PSYCHE.

Page 1. Of the Author of this Poem, Mr. Nichols has given the following account:—"This worthy Divine was descended collaterally from Dr. Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, who was burnt in the reign of Queen Mary. He was born at sea, in the year 1702, on board the Gloucester East-Indiaman, to which circumstance he was indebted for his christian name. He received his education at Winchester school, and from thence was elected to a fellowship at New College, Oxford, where he proceeded B. C. L. April 29, 1729. In those two seminaries he cultivated an early acquaintance with the Muses, and laid the foundation of those elegant and solid acquirements for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished, as a Poet, an Historian, and a Divine. During a vacation in 1728, he joined with four friends (Mr. Thomas Fletcher, afterwards Bishop of Kildare, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Eyre, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Jennens)

in writing a tragedy called "The Fruitless Redress," each undertaking an act on a plan previously concerted; and when they delivered in their several proportions at their meeting in the winter, few readers would have known that the whole was not the production of a single hand. This tragedy, which was offered to Mr. Wilks, but never acted, is still in MS. in the hands of his family; with "Jugurtha," of which a specimen shall be given in p. 82. Dr. Ridley in his youth was much addicted to theatrical performances. Midhurst in Sussex was the place where they were exhibited; and the company of gentlemen actors to which he belonged consisted chiefly of his coadjutors in the tragedy already mentioned. He is said to have performed the characters of Marc Antony, Jaffier, Horatio, and Moneses, with distinguished applause, a circumstance that will be readily believed by those who are no strangers to his judicious and graceful manner of speaking in the pulpit. Young Cibber, being likewise a Wykehamist, called on Dr. Ridley soon after he had been appointed chaplain to the East India Company at Poplar, and would have persuaded him to quit the church for the stage. For great part of his life he had no other preferment than the small college living of Weston Longueville in Norfolk, and the donative of Poplar in Middlesex, where he resided. To these his college added, some years after, the donative of Rumford in Essex. "Between those two places the curricle of his life rolled (as he expressed it) for some time almost perpetually upon post-chaise

wheels, and left him not time for even the proper studies of oeconomy, or the necessary ones of his profession." Yet in this obscure situation he remained in possession of, and content with, domestic happiness; and was honoured with the intimate friendship of some who were not less distinguished for learning than for worth: Among whom, it may be sufficient to mention Dr. Lowth (now Bishop of London), Mr. Pitt, Mr. Spence, and Dr. Berriman. To the last of these he was curate and executor, and preached his funeral sermon. In 1740 and 1741 he preached eight Sermons at Lady Moyer's Lecture, which were published in 1742, 8vo. In 1756 (it is said) he declined an offer of going to Ireland as first chaplain to the Duke of Bedford; in return for which he was to have had the choice of promotion, either at Christ Church, Canterbury, Westminster, or Windsor. His modesty inducing him to leave the choice of these to his patron, the consequence was that he obtained no one of them all. In 1763 he published the "Life of Bp. Ridley," in quarto, by subscription, and cleared by it as much as bought him 800l. in the public funds. In the latter part of his life he had the misfortune to lose both his sons, each of them a youth of abilities. The elder, James, was author of, 1. "The Tales of the Genii;" 2. a humourous paper called "The Schemer," first printed in the London Chronicle, and since collected into a volume; 3. "The History of James Lovegrove, Esq;" and some other literary performances. Thomas, the younger, was sent by the East-India Company as a writer to Madras, where he was no soon-

er settled than he died of the small pox. In 1765, Dr. Ridley published his "Review of Philips's Life of Cardinal Pole;" and in 1768, in reward for his labours in this controversy, and in another which *The Confessional* produced, he was presented by Archbishop Secker to a golden prebend in the cathedral church of Salisbury (an option), the only reward he received from the Great, during a long, useful, and laborious life, devoted to the duties of his function. At length, worn out with infirmities, he departed this life in 1774, leaving a widow and four daughters, of whom the only married one (Mrs. Evans) has published several novels. He was buried at Poplar; and the following Epitaph, written by his learned and worthy friend the present Bishop of London, is inscribed upon his monument."

H. S. E.
GLOSTERUS RIDLEY,
Vir optimus, integerrimus;
Verbi Divini Minister
Peritus, fidelis, indefessus:
Ab Academia Oxoniensi
Pro meritis, et praeter ordinem,
In sacra Theologia Doctoratu insignitus.
Poeta natus,
Oratoriae facultati impensius studuit.
Quam fuerat in concionando facundus,
Plurimorum animis diu insidebit;
Quam varia eruditione instructus,
Scripta ipsius semper testabuntur.
Obiit tertio die mensis Novembris,
A. D. 1774, Ætatis 72.

THE SQUIRE OF DAMES.

Page 32. The Author of this Poem was a Jew, resided at Mitcham in Surry, and was honored by the University of Oxford with the degree of Master of Arts. Three Dramatic pieces and some other Poems were written by him. He died in February 1758, and was the richest Poet of his time. As explanatory of this poem, the following Advertisement and Glossary were annexed by the Author.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the seventh Canto of the Legend of *Chastity*, in *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, the Squire of *Dames* tells *Satyrane*, that by order of his mistress *Columbel*, (after having served the Ladies for a year) he was sent out a second time, not to return till he could find three hundred Women incapable of yielding to any temptation. The bad success he met with in the course of three years, which is slightly touched upon by *Spenser*, is the foundation of the following poem.

GLOSSARY.

Amail, enamel.
Avale, bow.
Brond-iron, a sword.
Blatant-beast, detraction or envy.
Buskets, bushes.
Borrel fere, clownish companion.
Crumenal, purse.
Coronal, crown or garland.
Fortilage, fort.
Flight, arrow.
Kestrel, an hawk.
Levin-brond, thunder-bolt.
Ledden, language.
Pannikel, crown of the head.
To royne, to bite, or gnaw
Recure, to repair.

Sib, an uncle. *Wimble*, shifting to and fro.
Springal, a youth *Yode*, went.

Page 52. *And through that city he doth quickly steer,*
Which Ethelbert *to holy* Austin *gave*:]
Canterbury.

SIR MARTYN.

Page 68. The design of Mr. Mickle in this composition (originally entitled the *Concubine*, and published in 1767) may be seen from the *Advertisement* in which he announced it. The Glossary subjoined is his own.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is an established maxim in criticism, That an interesting moral is essential to a good poem. The character of the Man of Fortune is of the utmost importance both in the political and moral world; to throw, therefore, a just ridicule on the pursuits and pleasures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the Gentleman, must afford an interesting moral, but it is the management of the Writer which alone must render it striking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this, the Author may decently assert, that to paint false pleasure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike destructive to virtue and to happiness, was, at least, the purpose of his Poem.

It is also an established maxim in criticism, That the subject of a poem should be One; that every part should contribute to the completion of One design,

which, properly pursued, will naturally diffuse itself into a regular Beginning, Middle, and End. Yet in attaining this Unity of the Whole, the necessary Regularity must still be poetical, for the spirit of poetry cannot exist under the shackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to use the words of a very eminent Critic, "As there must needs be a connection, so that connection will best answer its end, and the purpose of the writer, which, whilst it leads by a sure train of thinking to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all the while, and leaves to the Reader the satisfaction of supplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his own mind, what is left in a seeming posture of neglect and inconnection."

If therefore the delineation of the character of the Man of Birth, who, with every advantage of natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at once lost to the Public and Himself; if this character has its beginning, middle, and end, the Poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far such unity is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the following Argument.

After an innovation to the Genius of Spenser, and proposition of the subject, the Knight's first attachment to his Concubine, his levity, love of pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over him which on this she assumes, are parts which undoubtedly constitute a just Beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character,—in his domestic elegance of park, gardens, and house—in his unhappiness

as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters—behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother—and in his feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the Middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe furnishes the proper and regular End.

Some reasons, perhaps, may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenser. To propose a general use of it were indeed highly absurd; yet it may be presumed there are some subjects on which it may be used with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the Author will only say, That the fulness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it not solely as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.

GLOSSARY.

Accloyd, disgusted, cloyed.
Adred, frightened. Anglo Sax. Aþræðan.
Agone, ago.
Albee, although.
Als, also.
Arread, interpret.
Attonce, at once together.
Atweene, between.
Ay, always.
Bale, harm, sorrow.
Beene, Frequently used by the old Poets for the Indicative Imperfect of the Verb *To be*.
Beseene, becoming.
Blin, cease, blinnan. Sax.
Brede, to knit, plait, þnæðan.
Carle, old Man.
Certes, certainly, truly.

Chorle, a Peasant.
Clept, named, called.
Covetise, Avarice.

Dan, a Prefix, *quasi* Mr.
Dearling, Darling.
Deftly, neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, displayed.
Dearnly, sadly, secretly.
Dight, adorned, clad.
Dreare, dismal, frightful.

Eftsoons, by and bye, forthwith.
Eke, also.
Eld, Age.
Elfe, Young One, Child.
Erst, formerly.
Eyen, Eyes.

Fay, Fairy.
Frytor, Villain, Deceiver.
Fae, Companion.
Forby, beside, near to.
Fordone, undone, ruined.
Forefend, to guard beforehand.
Fray, tumult, bustle.
Frayd, afraid.

Geer, furniture, tackle.
Gent, fine, noble.
Gin, gan, begin, began.
Glen, a dell, a hollow between two hills.
Goody, a Countrywoman.

Han, Preterite Plural of the Verb *To have*.
Heare, Hair. Often used by Spenser.
Highte, called, is called, was called, or named.
Hoyden, slattern, coarse.

Imp, Infant, Child.
Jolliment, Merriment.

Ken, v. to see.
Knare, a knotty Arm of a Tree. *Dryd.*

Leache, Physician.
Lemman, Mistress, Concubine.
Lever, rather.
Lewdly, basely, foolishly.
Liefest, dearest.

Malengines, Persons villainously employed, Toad-eaters.
Meint, mingled.
Merrimake, Pastime.
Mery, pleasant.
Moe, more.
Mote, v. might, mot.
Murk, dark.

Nathemore, not the more.
Nathlesse, nevertheless, nazeleſ.
Native, natural.
Ne, nor.
Nolens volens, willing or unwilling.

Perdie, an Asseveration, *quasi* verily.
Piersant, piercing.
Portaunce, Behaviour, Manner.
Prankt, adorned.
Propine, recompence.

Quaid, quelled, conquered.
Quight, to quit, leave.

Read, to warn, to prophesy.
Recks, heeds, cares for.
Requere, require. Often used by Spenser.
Rew, to repent.

Ruth, ruthless, pity, pityless.

Salewes, salutes.
Sell, Saddle.
Semblaunce, Appearance.
Seneshall, Master of Ceremonies, Steward.
Sheen, bright, shining, fine.
Shent, disgraced, ꝛcenꝺe, ꝛcenꝺiꝺ.
Skyen, adj. Sky.
Sooth, soothly, truth, truly.
Stownd, } Emotion, Fit, Stir.
Stowre, } ꝛtyꝛian.
Staine, Tenor.
Sues, pursues, follows.

Teen, Grief, Sorrow.
Thewes, Habits, Manners.
Thilk, this, that.
Traines, Devices, Traps.
Transmewd, changed, transformed,
Treachor, Traitor, Deceiver.
Troublous, troublesome.

Vild, vile.

Uneath, not easy, difficult.
Wareless, unsuspecting.
Wassal, festive.
Ween, weend, or *wend*, think, deemed.
Wend, move, go,
Weet, much the same as *ween*.
Weetless, thoughtless.
Whilom, formerly, hꝑilum.
a Whitt, a jot, any thing, a hꝑiꝛ, *aliquid*.
Whyleare, erewhile, hꝑilæn.
Wight, Person, ꝑihꝛ.
Wilding, the Crab-tree.
Wonne, to dwell.
Wreakfull, revengeful.

Yblends, mixes.
Yblent, blinded.
Ybrent, burnt,
Yclept, called, named.
Yfere, together.
Ygoe, formerly.
Yode, went.
Youthede, quasi, Youthhood.
Youthly, lively, youthful.
Ypight, placed, fixed.
Ywis, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old English Poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conquest the ȝe gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon formation, in adding the letter *N* to his verbs, as *tellen, worken*, &c. When affixed to a Substantive, it forms the plural number, as *Eyen*, Eyes, &c.

68. Desmonds *mouldering turrets*———] The castle of the Earl of Desmond, on the banks of the river Mulla in Ireland, was sometime the residence of SPENSER, the place where he wrote the greatest part of the FAERIE QUEENE.

95. *Gama, the dearling care of Beauty's heavenly Queene.*] See the LUSIAD.

ibid. That none mote see it more als he the Gods did pray.] For this speech to his army, and prayer of Alexander, see Q. Curtius.

THE MINSTREL.

Page 127. To this Poem the following Preface was prefixed by its Author:

"The design was, to trace the progress of a Poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as A MINSTREL; that is, as an itinerant Poet and Musician;—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

"I have endeavoured to imitate SPENSER in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed to suit the subject: but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

"To thsoe, who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems from its Gothic structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the Poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, as well as the more complex modulation of blank verse. What some critics have remarked of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true, only when the poetry is in other respects faulty."

131. *But he, I ween, was of the north countrie.*] There is hardly an ancient ballad, or romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterised, by way of eminence, to have been "OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE." It is probable, that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent.

See PERCY's *Essay on the English Minstrels.*

145. *Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,*
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,] Allusion to SHAKSPERE.

Macbeth. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?

Witches. A deed WITHOUT A NAME.

Macbeth, Act iv. sc. 1.

146. *Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,*
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die.]
See the fine old ballad, called, THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

151. *Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land, &c.*]
Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the Sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers.
SCHEFFER's *History of Lapland*, p. 16.

153. *And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.*] See PLATO's *Timeus*.

167. " *This praise, O Cheronean Sage,*—] PLUTARCH.

171. " *Then waken from long lethargy to life*
" *The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought,*
&c.] The influence of the Philosophic Spirit, in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe; in banishing superstition;—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science: from Stanza XLVI to Stanza LVI.

176. *From Nature's beauties variously compared*
And variously combined, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection,—] General ideas of excellence, the immediate archetypes of sublime imitation, both in painting and poety. See ARISTOTLE's *Poetics*, and *The Discourses of Sir* JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

177. *When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains*] VIRGIL.

178. *Art thou, my* GREGORY, *for ever fled!*] This excellent Person died suddenly, on the 10th of Feb. 1773. The conclusion of the Poem was written a few days after.

THE END.

BELL's

CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. XI.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

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M DCC XC.

POEMS

IMITATIVE OF SPENSER.

AND, IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

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POEMS

IMITATIVE OF SPENSER.

POEM I.

THE

PROGRESS OF ENVY.

Occasioned by

LAUDER's ATTACK ON THE CHARACTER OF MILTON.

BY ROBERT LLOYD, M. A.

Odium bonorum sede me infausta extrahit
Diros scelesta mente versantem dolos.
Grotii Aadamus Exsul.

I.

Ah me! unhappy state of mortal Wight,
Sith Envy's sure attendant upon fame,
Ne doth she rest from rancorous despight,
Until she works him mickle woe and shame;
Unhappy he whom Envy thus doth spoil,
Ne doth she check her ever-restless hate,
Until she doth his reputation foil:
Ah! luckless Imp is he, whose worth elate,
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

II.

There stood an ancient Mount, yclept *Parnass*,
(The fair domain of sacred Poesy)
Which, with fresh odors ever-blooming, was
Besprinkled with the dew of *Castaly*;
Which now in soothing murmurs whisp'ring glides,
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant soil,
Now rolls adown the mountain's steepy sides,
Teaching the vales full beauteously to smile,
Dame NATURE's handy-work, not form'd by lab'ring toil.

III.

The MUSES fair these peaceful shades among,
With skilful fingers sweep the trembling strings;
The air in silence listens to the song,
And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings:
Pale visag'd CARE, with foul unhallow'd feet,
Attempts the summit of the hill to gain,
Ne can the Hag arrive the blissful seat;
Her unavailing strength is spent in vain,
CONTENT sits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

IV.

Oft PHOEBUS self left his divine abode,
And here enshrouded in a shady bow'r,
Regardless of his state, lay'd by the God,
And own'd sweet music's more alluring pow'r.

On either side was plac'd a peerless Wight,
Whose Merit long had fill'd the Trump of FAME;
This FANCY's darling Child was SPENSER hight,
Who pip'd full pleasing on the banks of *Tame*,
That no less fam'd than He, and MILTON was his name.

V.

In these cool bow'rs they live supinely calm;
Now harmless talk, now emulously sing;
While VIRTUE, pouring round her sacred balm,
Makes happiness eternal as the spring.
Alternately they sung; now SPENSER 'gan,
Of jousts and tournaments, and champions strong;
Now MILTON sung of disobedient Man,
And *Eden* lost: The Bards around them throng,
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their Prince's song.

VI.

Not far from these, Dan CHAUCER, antient Wight,
A lofty seat on Mount *Parnassus* held,
Who long had been the MUSE's chief delight;
His reverend locks were silver'd over with eld;
Grave was his visage, and his habit plain;
And while he sung, fair Nature he display'd,
In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain,
Ne mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,
Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

VII.

Next SHAKSPERE sat, irregularly great,
And in his Hand a magic rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn'd the foulest dross to purest gold:
Whatever Spirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command;
To his behests these willingly repair,
Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might withstand.

VIII.

Beside the Bard there stood a beauteous Maid,
Whose glittering appearance dimm'd the eyen;
Her thin-wrought vesture various tints display'd.
FANCY her name, ysprong of race divine,
Her Mantle wimpled low, her silken hair,
Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders stray'd,
"She made a net to catch the wanton air,"
Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd,
And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly Maid.

IX.

And ever and anon she wav'd in air
A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r:

She wav'd it round: eftsoons there did appear
Spirits and Witches, forms unknown before:
Again she lifts her wonder-working wand;
Eftsoons upon the flow'ry plain was seen
The gay Inhabitants of *Fairie* Land,
And blithe attendants upon MAB their Queen,
In mystic circles danc'd along th' inchanted green.

X.

On th' other side stood NATURE, Goddess fair;
A Matron seem'd she, and of manners staid;
Beauteous her form, majestic was her air,
In loose attire of purest white array'd:
A potent rod she bore, whose power was such,
(As from her Darling's works may well be shown)
That often with its soul-enchanting touch,
She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
And each man's passions made subservient to her own.

XI.

But lo! thick fogs from out the earth arise,
And murky mists the buxom air invade,
Which with contagion dire infect the skies,
And all around their baleful influence shed;
Th' infected sky, which whilom was so fair,
With thick Cimmerian darkness is o'erspread;
The Sun, which whilom shone without compare,

Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,
And fore the time sore-grieving, seeks his wat'ry bed.

XII.

ENVY, the Daughter of fell *Acheron*,
(The flood of deadly hate and gloomy Night)
Had left precipitate her *Stygian* throne,
And thro' the frighted heavens wing'd her flight:
With careful eye each realm she did explore,
Ne mote she ought of happiness observe;
For happiness, alas! was now no more,
Sith ev'ry one from Virtue's paths did swerve,
And trample on Religion base designs to serve.

XIII.

At length, on blest *Parnassus* seated high,
Their temples circled with a laurel crown,
SPENSER and MILTON met her scowling eye,
And turn'd her horrid grin unto a frown.
Full fast unto her sister did she post,
There to unload the venom of her breast,
To tell how all her happiness was crost,
Sith others were of happiness possest:
Did never gloomy Hell send forth like ugly pest.

XIV.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
When fun'ral cypress star-proof branches spread,

O'ergrown with tangling briers a cavern stood;
Fit place for Melancholy dreary-head.
Here a deformed Monster joy'd to won,
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,
All from the rising to the setting Sun,
Her heart pursued spite with black Intent,
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

XV.

In flowing sable stole she was yclad,
Which with her countenance did well accord;
Forth from her mouth, like one thro' grief gone mad,
A frothy sea of nauseous foam was pour'd;
A ghastly grin and eyes asquint, display
The Rancor which her hellish Thoughts contain,
And how, when Man is blest, she pines away,
Burning to turn his happiness to pain;
MALICE the Monster's name, a foe to God and Man.

XVI.

Along the floor black loathsome toads do crawl,
Their gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,
Which ever and anon they spit at all
Whom hapless Fortune leads too near her den;
Around her waist, in place of silken zone,
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
Who no distinction made 'twixt friend and foen,
But Death on ev'ry side fierce brandished,
Fly, reckless Mortals fly, in vain is Hardy-head.

XVII.

Impatient ENVY, thro' the aetherial Waste,
With inward venom fraught, and deadly spite,
Unto this cavern steer'd her panting haste,
Enshrouded in a darksome veil of night.
Her inmost heart burnt with impetuous ire,
And fell destruction sparkled in her look,
Her ferret eyes flash'd with revengeful fire,
A while contending passions utt'rance choke,
At length the Fiend in furious tone her silence broke.

XVIII.

Sister, arise: See how our pow'r decays,
No more our empire thou and I can boast,
Sith mortal Man now gains immortal praise,
Sith Man is blest, and thou and I are lost:
See in what state *Parnassus'* hill appears;
See PHOEBUS' self two happy Bards atween;
See how the God their song attentive hears;
This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I ween,
Who can behold unmov'd sike heart-tormenting scene?

XIX.

Sister, arise; ne let our courage droop,
Perforce we will compel these Mortals own,
That mortal force unto our force shall stoop;
ENVY and MALICE then shall reign alone:
Thou best has known to file thy tongue with lies,

And to deceive Mankind with specious bait;
Like TRUTH accoutred, spreadest forgeries,
The fountain of contention and of hate:
Arise, unite with me, and be as whilom great.

XX.

The Fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
Tremble, ye Bards, within that blissful seat;
MALICE and ENVY shall o'ethrow your joys,
Nor PHOEBUS self shall our designs defeat.
Shall we, who under friendship's feigned veil,
Prompted the bold Archangel to rebel;
Shall we, who under show of sacred zeal,
Plung'd half the Pow'rs of Heaven in lowest Hell—
Such vile disgrace of us no mortal Man shall tell.

XXI.

And now, more hideous render'd to the sight,
By reason of her raging cruelty,
She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
And find fit engine for her forgery.
Her eyes inflam'd did cast their rays askance,
While hellish Imps prepare the Monster's car,
In which she might cut thro' the wide expanse,
And find out Nations that extended far,
When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright Star.

XXII.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
And each fell serpent had a double tongue,
Which ever and anon spit flaming fire,
The regions of the tainted air emong;
A lofty seat the Sister-monsters bore,
In deadly machinations close combin'd,
Dull FOLLY drove with terrible uproar,
And cruel DISCORD follow'd fast behind;
God help the Man 'gainst whom such caitiff Foes are join'd.

XXIII.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
While thunder harshly grates upon its wheels;
Black pointed spires of smoke around them rise,
The air depress'd unusual burthen feels;
Detested sight! In terrible array,
They spur their fiery dragons on amain,
Ne mote their anger suffer cold delay,
Until the wish'd-for region they obtain,
And land their dingy car on *Caledonian* plain.

XXIV.

Here elder Son of MALICE long had dwelt,
A Wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
His fame on double falsities was built:
(Ah! worthless Son, of worthless parent born!)

Under the shew of semblance fair he veil'd
The black intentions of his hellish breast;
And by these guileful means he more prevail'd
Than had he open enmity profest:
The wolf more safely wounds when in sheep's cloathing drest.

XXV.

Him then themselves atween they joyful place,
(Sure signs of woe when such are pleas'd, alas!)
Then measure back the Air with swifter pace,
Until they reach the foot of Mount *Parnass*.
Hither in evil hour the Monsters came,
And with their new companion did alight,
Who long had lost all sense of virtuous shame,
Beholding worth with poisonous despight;
On his success depends their impious delight.

XXVI.

Long burnt he sore the summit to obtain,
And spread his venom o'er the blissful seat;
Long burnt he sore, but still he burnt in vain;
Mote none come then, who come with impious feet.
At length, at unawares he out doth spit
That spite, which else had to himself been bane;
The venom on the breast of *Milton* lit,
And spread benumbing death thro' every vein;
The Bard, of life bereft, fell senseless on the plain.

XXVII.

As at the banquet of *Thyestes* old,
The Sun is said t'have shut his radiant eye,
So did he now thro' grief his beams with-hold,
And darkness to be felt o'erwhelm'd the sky;
Forth issued from their dismal dark abodes
The birds attendant upon hideous Night,
Shriek-owls and Ravens, whose fell croaking bodes
Approaching death to miserable wight:
Did never mind of man behold sike dreadful sight?

XXVIII.

Apollo wails his Darling, done to die
By foul attempt of Envy's fatal bane;
The Muses sprinkle him with dew of *Castally*,
And crown his death with many a living strain;
Hoary Parnassus beats his aged breast,
Aged, yet ne'er before did sorrow know;
The flowers drooping their despair attest,
Th' aggrieved rivers querulously flow;
All Nature sudden groan'd with sympathetic woe.

XXIX.

But, lo! the sky a gayer livery wears,
The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
And now the cloak of darkness disappears,
(May darkness ever thus to light give place!)
Erst griev'd Apollo jocund looks resumes,

The Nine renew their whilom chearful song,
No grief PARNASSUS' aged breast consumes,
Forth from the teeming earth new flowers sprong,
The plenteous Rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

XXX.

The stricken Bard fresh vital heat renews,
Whose blood, erst stagnate, rushes thro' his veins;
Life thro' each pore her spirit doth infuse,
And FAME, by MALICE inexpulsive, reigns:
And see, a female form, all heav'nly bright,
Upheld by one of mortal progeny,
A female form, yclad in snowy white,
Ne half so fair at distance seems as nigh;
DOUGLAS and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAUDER die.

POEM II.

THE

HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION.

A VISION.

BY THOMAS DENTON, M. A.

I.

When Sleep's all-soothing hand with fetters soft
Ties down each sense, and lulls to balmy rest,
The internal pow'r, creative fancy, oft
Broods o'er her treasures in the formful breast.
Thus when no longer daily cares engage,
The busy mind pursues the darling theme;
Hence angels whisper'd to the slumb'ring sage,
And gods of old inspir'd the hero's dream;
Hence as I slept, these images arose
To fancy's eye, and join'd this fairy scene compose.

II.

As, when fair morning tries her pearly tears,
The mountain lifts o'er mists its lofty head;
Thus new to sight a Gothic dome appears
With the grey rust of rolling years o'erspread.

Here Superstition holds her dreary reign,
And her lip-labor'd orisons she plies
In tongue unknown, when morn bedews the plain,
Or ev'ning skirts with gold the western skies;
To the dumb stock she bends, or sculptur'd wall,
And many a cross she makes, and many a bead lets fall.

III.

Near to the dome a magic pair reside,
Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound;
Here hoodwinkt Ignorance is seen to bide,
Stretching in darksome cave along the ground.
No object e'er awakes his stupid eyes,
Nor voice articulate arrests his ears,
Save when beneath the moon pale spectres rise,
And haunt his soul with visionary fears;
Or when hoarse winds incavern'd murmur round,
And babbling echo wakes, and iterates the sound.

IV.

Where boughs entwining form an artful shade,
And in faint glimm'rings just admit the light,
There Error sits in borrow'd white array'd,
And in Truth's form deceives the transient sight.
A thousand glories wait her op'ning day,
Here beaming lustre when fair Truth imparts;
Thus Error would pour forth a spurious ray,
And cheat th' unpractis'd mind with mimic arts;

She cleaves with magic wand the liquid skies,
Bids airy forms appear, and scenes fantastic rise.

V.

A porter deaf, decrepid, old, and blind
Sits at the gate, and lifts a lib'ral bowl
With wine of wond'rous pow'r to lull the mind,
And check each vig'rous effort of the soul:
Whoe'er unwares shall ply his thirsty lip,
And drink in gulps the luscious liquor down,
Shall hapless from the cup delusion sip,
And objects see in features not their own;
Each way-worn traveller that hither came,
He lav'd with copious draughts, and Prejudice his name.

VI.

Within a various race are seen to wonne,
Props of her age, and pillars of her state,
Which erst were nurtur'd by the wither'd crone,
And born to Tyranny, her grisly mate:
The first appear'd in pomp of purple pride,
With triple crown erect, and throned high;
Two golden keys hang dangling by his side
To lock or ope the portals of the sky;
Crouching and prostrate there (ah! sight unmeet!)
The crowned head would bow, and lick his dusty feet.

VII.

With bended arm he on a book reclin'd
Fast lock'd with iron clasps from vulgar eyes;
Heav'n's gracious gift to light the wand'ring mind,
To lift fall'n man, and guide him to the skies!
A man no more, a god he would be thought,
And 'mazed mortals blindly must obey,
With slight of hand he lying wonders wrought,
And near him loathsome heaps of reliques lay:
Strange legends would he read, and figments dire
Of Limbus' prison'd shades, and purgatory fire.

VIII.

There meagre Penance sat, in sackcloth clad,
And to his breast close hugg'd the viper, sin,
Yet oft with brandish'd whip would gaul, as mad,
With voluntary stripes his shrivel'd skin.
Counting large heaps of o'er abounding good
Of saints that dy'd within the church's pale,
With gentler aspect there indulgence stood,
And to the needy culprit would retail;
There too, strange merchandize! he pardons sold,
And treason would absolve, and murder purge with gold.

IX.

With shaven crown in a sequester'd cell
A lazy lubbard there was seen to lay;

No work had he, save some few beads to tell,
And indolently snore the hours away.
The nameless joys that bless the nuptial bed,
The mystic rites of Hymen's hallow'd tye
Impure he deems, and from them starts with dread,
As crimes of foulest stain the deepest dye:
No social hopes hath he, no social fears,
But spends in lethargy devout the ling'ring years.

X.

Gnashing his teeth in mood of furious ire
Fierce Persecution sat, and with strong breath
Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,
And feasts on murders, massacres, and death.
Near him was plac'd Procrustes' iron bed
To stretch or mangle to a certain size;
To see their writhing pains each heart must bleed,
To hear their doleful shrieks and piercing cries;
Yet he beholds them with unmoistened eye,
Their writhing pains his sport, their moans his melody.

XI.

A gradual light diffusing o'er the gloom,
And slow approaching with majestic pace,
A love ly maid a ppears in beauty's bloom,
With native charms and unaffected grace:

Her hand a clear reflecting mirrour shows,
In which all objects their true features wear,
And on her cheek a blush indignant glows
To see the horrid sorc'ries practis'd there;
She snatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,
Unlock'd its iron clasps, and op'd the heav'nly page.

XII.

" My name is Truth, and you, each holy seer,
That all my steps with ardent gaze pursue,
Unveil, she said, the sacred myst'ries here,
Give the celestial boon to public view,
Tho' blatant Obloquy with lep'rous mouth
Shall blot your fame, and blast the generous deed,
Yet in revolving years some lib'ral youth
Shall crown your virtuous act with glory's meed,
Your names adorn'd in Gilpin's polish'd page,
With each historic grace, shall shine thro' ev'ry age.

XIII.

" With furious hate tho' fierce relentless pow'r
Exert of torment all her horrid skill;
Tho' your lives meet too soon the fatal hour,
Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel;
Yet when the dragon in the deep abyss
Shall lie, fast bound in adamantine chain,

Ye with the Lamb shall rise to ceaseless bliss,
First-fruits of death, and partners of his reign;
Then shall repay the momentary tear,
The great sabbatic rest, the millenary year."

POEM III.

THE

EDUCATION OF ACHILLES.

BY

THE REV. ROBERT BEDINGFIELD, M. A.

I.

Ah me! is all our pleasure mix'd with woe?
Is there on earth no happiness sincere?
Must e'en this bitter stream of sorrow flow
From joy's domestic spring, our children dear?
How oft did Thetis drop the silver tear,
When with fond eyes she view'd her darling boy!
How oft her breast heav'd with presaging fear,
Lest vice's secret canker should annoy
Fair virtue's op'ning bud, and all her hopes destroy!

II.

At length, so Nereus had her rightly taught,
That doubtful cares might eat her heart no more,

Her imp in prattling infancy she brought
To the fam'd Centaur, on mount Pelion hoar,
Hight Chiron, whom to Saturn Phyl'ra bore;
Chiron, whose wisdom flourish'd 'bove his peers,
In every goodly thew, and virtuous lore,
To principle his yet untainted years;
The seed that's early sown, the fairest harvest bears.

III.

Far in the covert of a bushy wood,
Where aged trees their star-proof branches spread,
A grott, with grey moss ever dropping stood;
Ne costly gems the sparkling roof display'd,
Ne crystal squares the pavement rich inlaid,
But o'er the pebbles, clear with glassy shine,
A limpid stream in soothing murmurs stray'd,
And all around the flow'ring eglantine
Its balmy tendrils spread in many a wanton twine.

IV.

A lowly habitation, well I ween,
Yet sacred made by men of mickle fame,
Who there in precepts wise had lesson'd been;
Chaste Peleus, consort of the sea-born dame,
Sage Aesculape, who could the vital flame
(Blest leach!) relumine by his healing skill:
And Jason, who, his father's crown to claim,
Descended dreadful from the craggy hill,
And with his portance stern did false usurper thrill.

V.

Fast by the cave a damsel was ypight,
Afraid from earth her blushing looks to rear,
Lest aught indecent should offend her sight;
Lest aught indecent should offend her ear;
Yet would she sometimes deign at sober chear
Softly to smile, but ever held it shame
The mirth of foul-mouth'd ribaldry to bear,
A cautious nymph, and MODESTY her name.
Ah! who but churlish carle would hurt so pure a dame?

VI.

With her sate TEMPERANCE, companion meet,
Plucking from tree-en bough her simple food,
And pointing to an urn beside her feet,
Fill'd with the crystal of the wholesome flood:
With her was seen, of grave and aweful mood,
Hoary FIDELITY, a matron staid;
And sweet BENEVOLENCE, who smiling stood,
Whilst at her breast two fondling infants play'd,
And turtles, billowing soft, coo'd through the echoing glade.

VII.

On t'other side, of bold and open air,
Was a fair personage hight EXERCISE;
Reclin'd he seem'd upon his rough boar-spear,
As late surceas'd from hardy enterprize;

(For Sloth inglorious did he aye despise)
Fresh glow'd his cheek with health's vermillion dye,
On his sleek brow the swelling sweat-drops rise,
And oft around he darts his glowing eye
To view his well-breath'd hounds, full jolly company.

VIII.

Not far away was sage EXPERIENCE plac'd,
With care-knit brow, fix'd looks, and sober plight,
Who weighing well the present with the past,
Of every accident could read aright.
With him was rev'rend CONTEMPLATION pight,
Bow-bent with eld, his beard of snowy hue,
Yet age's hand mote not empare the sight,
Still with sharp ken the eagle he'd pursue,
As through the buxom air to heav'n's bright bow'rs she flew.

IX.

Here the fond parent left her darling care,
Yet softly breath'd a sigh as she withdrew;
Here the young hero, ev'n from tender year,
Eftsoons imbib'd Instruction's hony'd dew,
(For well to file his tongue, sage Chiron knew)
And learnt to discipline his life aright;
To pay to pow'rs supreme a reverence due,

Chief to Saturnian Jove, whose dreaded might
Wings thro' disparted clouds the bik'ring lightning's flight.

X.

Aye was the stripling wont, ere morning fair
Had rear'd o'er eastern waves her rosy tede,
To grasp with tender hand the pointed spear,
And beat the thicket where the boar's fell breed
Enshrouded lay, or lion's tawny seed.
Oft would great Dian, with her woody train,
Stop in mid chace to wonder at his speed,
Whilst up the hill's rough side she saw him strain,
Or sweep with winged feet along the level plain.

XI.

And when dun shades had blent the day's bright eye,
Upon his shoulders, with slow stagg'ring pace,
He brought the prey his hand had done to die,
Whilst blood with dust besprent did foul disgrace
The goodly features of his glowing face.
When as the sage beheld on grassy soil
Each panting corse, whilst life did well apace,
The panther of his spotted pride he'd spoil,
To deck his foster son: fit meed of daring toil.

XII.

And ever and anon the godlike sire,
To temper stern behests with pleasaunce gay,

Would touch (for well he could) the silver lyre;
So sweetly ravish'd each enchanting lay,
That Pan, in scornful wise, would fling away
His rustic pipe, and ev'n the sacred Train
Would leave their lov'd Parnass' in trim array,
And thought their own Apollo once again
Charm'd his attentive flock, a simple shepherd swain.

XIII.

And ever and anon of worthies old,
Whose praise Fame's trump through earth's wide bounds had spread,
To fire his mind to brave exploits, he told;
Pirithous, known for prowest hardy-head;
Theseus, whose wrath the dire Procrustes fled;
And Hercules, whom trembling Lerna fear'd,
When Hydra fell, in loathsome marshes bred,
In vain against the son of Jove uprear'd
Head sprouting under head, by thrillant faulchion shear'd.

XIV.

The stern-brow'd boy in mute attention stood,
To hear the sage relate each great emprise;
Then strode along the cave in haughtier mood,
Whilst varying passions in his bosom rise,
And lightning beams flash from his glowing eyes.

Ev'n now he scorns the prey the desarts yield,
Ev'n now, as hope the future scene supplies,
He shakes the terror of his heav'n-form'd shield,
And braves th' indignant flood, and thunders o'er the field.

POEM IV.

THE

CHOICE OF HERCULES.

BY

ROBERT LOWTH, D. D.

[Late Bishop of London.]

I.

Now had the son of Jove mature, attain'd
The joyful prime: when Youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life; and follows unrestrain'd
Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her poisonous root;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By just degrees; fair bloom, of fairest fruit:
Summer shall ripen what the spring began;
Youth's generous fires will glow more constant in the man.

II.

As on a day reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
Retirement; nurse of contemplation sage;

Step following step, and thought succeeding thought;
Musing, with steady pace the youth pursu'd
His walk; and lost in meditation stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay
Here Virtue's rough ascent, there Pleasure's flow'ry way.

III.

Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind:
Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst of fame;
Now love of ease to softer thought inclin'd
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame.
When lo! far off two female forms he spies;
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear:
Both large and tall, exceeding human size;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair,
Graceful, yet each with different grace they move:
This striking sacred awe; that softer, winning love.

IV.

The first, in native dignity surpast;
Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more:
Health, o'er her looks, a genuine lustre cast;
A vest, more white than new-fall'n snow, she wore,
August she trod, yet modest was her air;

Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire,
Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,
More mild appear'd: yet such as might inspire
Pleasure corrected with an aweful fear;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

V.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue;
But bold her mien; unguarded rov'd her eye:
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
All soft and delicate, with airy swim
Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade;
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
Her stature shew'd more tall; more snowy-white her skin.

VI.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw;
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly she prest
With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid,

The wond'ring youth with freedom bland addrest;
With winning fondness on his neck she hung;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue.

VII.

"Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind?
Securely follow, where I lead the way;
And range through wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
With me retire, from noise, and pain, and care,
Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war;
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free;
Leave honor to the wretch! Pleasures were made for thee.

VIII.

"Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;
All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight:
All that thy thought can frame, or wish require,
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight.
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound;
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love:
Rich odors, breathing choicest sweets around;
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove:

Fresh flowers, to strew thy couch, and crown thy head;
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy bed.

IX.

"These will I, freely, constantly supply;
Pleasures, not earn'd with toil, nor mixt with woe:
Far from thy rest repining want shall fly;
Nor labor bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine;
Let the strong hind subdue the stubborn soil:
Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win;
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:
These softer cares my blest allies employ,
New pleasures to invent; to wish, and to enjoy."

X.

The youth her winning voice attentive caught;
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;
Still gaz'd, and listen'd: then her name besought:
"My name, fair youth, is Happiness, she said.
Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain:
They share my bliss; they best can speak my praise:
Tho' Slander call me Sloth—detraction vain!
Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says:

Slander, still prompt true merit to defame;
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest name."

XI.

By this, arriv'd the fair majestic maid:
(She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd, advanc'd.) "Know, Hercules," she said
With manly tone, "thy birth of heav'nly race;
Thy tender age that lov'd Instruction's voice,
Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise;
When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice;
Now expectation waits to see thee rise.
Rise, youth! exalt thyself, and me: approve
Thy high descent from heav'n; and dare be worthy Jove.

XII.

"But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not disguise;
The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd:
Watchings and cares must win the lofty prize
Propos'd by heav'n; true bliss, and real good.
Honor rewards the brave and bold alone;
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne;
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place.

Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame; labor, and care, and pain.

XIII.

"Would'st thou engage the gods peculiar care?
O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore!
With a pure heart, with sacrifice and pray'r
Attend their altars; and their aid implore.
Or would'st thou gain thy country's loud applause,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
Be thou the bold assertor of her cause:
Her voice, in council; in the fight, her sword.
In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good:
For her, bare thy bold breast; and pour thy generous blood.

XIV.

"Would'st thou, to quell the proud and lift th' opprest,
In arts of war, and matchless strength excel?
First conquer thou thyself. To ease, to rest,
To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewel.
The night, alternate due to sweet repose,
In watches waste; in painful march, the day:
Congeal'd, amidst the rigorous winter's snows;
Scorch'd, by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray.
Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might:
Vigor shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight."

XV.

" Hear'st thou, what monsters then thou must engage?
(Abrupt says Sloth,) " what toils she bids thee prove?
What endless toils? Ill fit thy tender age
Tumult and war; fit age, for joy and love.
Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy!
To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay
Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy:
I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way.
Short is my way; fair, easy, smooth, and plain:
Turn, gentle youth! With me, eternal pleasures reign."

XVI.

" What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine!
(Virtue with scorn reply'd:) " who sleep'st in ease
Insensate; whose soft limbs the toil decline
That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please.
Draining the copious bowl, ere thirst require;
Feasting, ere hunger to the feast invite;
Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire;
Whom luxury supplies with appetite:
Yet nature loaths; and thou employ'st in vain
Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

XVII.

" The sparkling nectar, cool'd with summer snows;
The dainty board, with choicest viands spread;
To thee are tasteless all! Sincere repose
Flies from thy flow'ry couch, and downy bed.
For thou art only tir'd with indolence:
Nor sleep with self-rewarding toil hast bought;
Th' imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense
In dull oblivious interval of thought:
That kindly steals th' inactive hours away
From the long, ling'ring space, that lengthens out the day.

XVIII.

" From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights:
Averse from her, you waste the joyless hours:
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
Immortal though thou art, indignant Jove
Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals blissful place;
For ever banish'd from the realms above,
To dwell on earth, with man's degenerate race:
Fitter abode! On earth alike disgrac'd;
Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

XIX.

" Fond wretch, that vainly weenest all delight
To gratify the sense reserv'd for thee

Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,
Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.
Though lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along;
Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays;
Ne'er did'st thou hear, more sweet than sweetest song
Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy praise!
No—to thy revels let the fool repair:
To such, go smooth thy speech; and spread thy tempting snare.

XX.

"Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!
A youth, of follies; an old age, of cares:
Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wise;
Vice wastes their vigor, and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease
Reserving woes for age their prime they spend;
All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the present; of the past asham'd:
They live, and are despis'd: they die, nor more are nam'd.

XXI.

"But with the gods, and god-like men, I dwell:
Me, his supreme delight, th' almighty Sire
Regards well-pleas'd: whatever works excel,

All or divine or human, I inspire.
Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside:
My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the art;
The surest policy, the wisest guide.
With me, true friendship dwells; she deigns to bind
Those generous souls alone, whom I before have join'd.

XXII.

"Nor need my friends the various costly feast;
Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies;
Labor prepares their weary limbs to rest;
Sweet is their sleep: light, chearful, strong they rise.
Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure and renown
They tread my paths; and by a soft descent,
At length to age all gently sinking down,
Look back with transport on a life well-spent:
In which, no hour flew unimprov'd away;
In which, some generous deed distinguish'd every day.

XXIII.

"And when, the destin'd term at length compleat,
Their ashes rest in peace; eternal Fame
Sounds wide their praise: triumphant over fate,

In sacred song, for ever lives their name.
This, Hercules, is happiness! Obey
My voice; and live. Let thy celestial birth
Lift and enlarge thy thoughts. Behold the way
That leads to fame; and raises thee from earth
Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,
Pursue the glorious path; and claim thy native skies."

XXIV.

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
New vigor to his soul, that sudden caught
The generous flame: with great intent his heart
Swells full; and labors with exalted thought:
The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
Through all her fraudful arts in clearest light
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd, she stood confest before his sight;
False Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that shone
So fresh erewhile, and fair; now wither'd, pale, and gone.

XXV.

No more, the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
Masks her dissembled looks: each borrow'd grace
Leaves her wan cheek: pale sickness clouds her eyes
Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has awhile display'd

Her watry arch, with gaudy painture gay;
While yet we gaze, the glorious colors fade,
And from our wonder gently steal away:
Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,
Now lowers the low-hung cloud; all gloomy to the sight.

XXVI.

But Virtue more engaging all the while
Disclos'd new charms; more lovely, more serene;
Beaming sweet influence. A milder smile
Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.
"Lead, goddess, I am thine! (transported cry'd
Alcides:) "O propitious pow'r, thy way
Teach me! possess my soul; be thou my guide:
From thee, O never, never let me stray!"
While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd;
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his breast.

XXVII.

The heavenly maid, with strength divine endu'd
His daring soul; there all her pow'rs combin'd;
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,

By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
From fiercest monsters, through her powerful aid,
'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode,
Crown'd with eternal youth; among the Gods, a God.

POEM V.

THALES.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

EDWARD POCOCKE, D. D.

BY EDMUND SMITH, M. A.

Formerly of Christ-Church, Oxford.

I.

A COMELY Dame, in Sorrowe's garments drest,
Where Thames's crystal waters gently creep,
With her soft palme did beat her ivorie breast,
And rent her yellow locks; her rosy cheeke
She in a flood of brackish teares did steep:
Rachel she seem'd, old Israel's beauteous wife,
Mourning her Sonnes, whose silver cord of life
Was cut by murderous Herod's fell and bloody knife.

II.

Betwixt her lillie hands, the Virgin held
Two Testaments; the one defac'd with rust,
Vanquish'd with time, and overgrown with eld,
All spoil'd with careless spots, all soyl'd with dust;

It seem'd the same, the which Jehovah just
With his celestial finger did engrave;
And on, the top of smoaking Sinai, gave
To Him, whom Pharaoh's Daughter found in watry cave.

III.

The other seeming fresh and fayre, yclad
In velvet covers, filleted with gold;
White bullions, and crimson ties it had;
The pumish'd leaves were seemly to behold.
That spotlesse Lambe, which trayterous Judas sold
For price of blood, which streamed from his side,
Them guilt, when in Jerusalem he dy'd,
For to redeeme his Love, his Dove, his Deare, his Bride.

IV.

Theology, for so men call'd the maid,
Upon these Volumes cast her moysten'd eyes,
And who shall now (quoth she) since Pococke's dead,
Find out the Treasure, that within you lies
Shadow'd in high and heavenly mysteries?
And who shall now (quoth she) to others tell,
When as, the World's great Grandsire ADAM fell,
Banish'd from flowery Eden, where he first did dwell.

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When as, the World's great Grandsire ADAM fell,
Banish'd from flowery Eden, where he first did dwell.

V.

What meanes that monstrous man, which Babel's King
Did in a troubl'd slumber, once behold,
Like huge Goliah, slayne by David's sling,
With dreadful head, and curled locks of gold,
With breasts, and mighty arms, of silver mould?
With his swoln belly, and large sides of brasse,
With iron legs, with feet of mingled masse?
One part compos'd of clay, the other iron was.

VI.

What meanes the Lion, and the Eagles wings?
The savage Bear, that in his horrid jaw
Three ribs of some devoured carcase brings?
The Leopard, which wise Belteshazzer saw
With direful mouth, and mighty-murdering paw?
What means that fearful, hideous, hellish Beast,
With iron teeth, and with his horned crest?
All these, and thousands more, by POCOCKE were exprest.

VII.

'Twas He, that branch'd Messia's sacred stem
In curious knots, and chain'd his glorious race
From princely Adam to the noble Sem;
So down to Him, that had Choniah's place,
And from his Sonnes, to Mary full of grace,
A pregnant Maid, a blessed virgin Wife,

The Daughter of her Sonne, which gave him Life,
Which did redeem the World, from Sin and Satan's strife.

VIII.

'Twas He, that grav'd the names of Jacob's Sonnes
In the two Beryls, upon Aaron's breast;
In Sardius Ruben, which as water runs;
Simeon in Topaz, baser than the rest;
Levi in Emerauld, for Doctrine best:
Judah in Carbuncle, like Heav'ns eye;
In Saphir Issachar, like th' azure skie,
In Turkis Zebulon, which near the sea doth lie.

IX.

Dan in the flowery Hyacinth cut;
In Agate Nepthali; and warlike Gad
In bloody Amethyst; Asher is put
In Chrysolite; the Beryl Joseph had;
Young Benjamin, old Jacob's own sweet lad,
In Onyx; each within his several stone
Our great Bezaleel carv'd; who now is gone
To praise the Lambe, and Him that sits upon the Throne.

X.

Nor did He only turn the sacred Page
At home, like Pedant pale, in musing mood;

With your myrhe-breathing mouth, sweet odors throw
Into the empty aire, from Pococke's tombe below.

XVI.

This said, the Virgin vanished away,
And Heav'n did put his mourning mantle on:
Hyperion's Childe the Father of the Day,
That, with his blazing lad, full brightly shone,
Cloathed in Sable his star-glistering Throne:
The clouds from their swolne eyes shed cristal show'rs,
And all for him who lives in silver bowers,
An Hallelujah sings, with Thrones, and glorious Pow'rs.

POEM VI.

THE

VISION OF PATIENCE.

Sacred to the Memory of

MR. ALEXANDER CUMING,

A Young Gentleman unfortunately lost in the Northern Ocean on his Return from China, 1740.

BY SAMUEL BOYSE.

Ne jaceat nullo, vel ne meliore sepulchro. Lucan, lib. viii.

I.

'Twas on a summer's night I lay repos'd,
In the kind arms of hospitable Rest;
When Fancy to my waking thought disclos'd
And deep the visionary scene imprest:
Close by my side in robes of morning-grey
A form celestial stood—or seem'd to stand;
Intranc'd in admiration as I lay,
She rais'd with aspect calm my feeble hand:
And while through all my veins the tumult ran,
With mild benignity—she placid thus began:

II.

" *Patience* my name—of *Lachesis* the child,
Nor art thou unacquainted with my voice ;
By me afflicted Virtue suffers mild,
And to th' eternal will submits its choice.
Behold, commission'd from the heavenly sphere,
I come to strengthen thy corrected sight;
To teach thee yet continued woes to bear,
And eye Misfortune in a friendly light:
Nor thou my present summons disobey,
But chearfully prepare to wait me on my way."

III.

" Daughter of Heaven (methought I strait replied)
Gladly by me thy summons is obey'd ;
Content I follow thee, celestial guide,
Beneath thy sure protection undismay'd:
Oft in sharp perils and surrounding woes
Thy salutary presence have I found ;
Then lead wherever thy direction shows,
To distant seas, or earth's remotest bound:
Ready am I to wait thy purpos'd flight,
Thine be the care to act the sovereign will aright!"

IV.

Sudden, enfolded in a fleecy cloud,
Through yielding air we cut our rapid way,

While the pale moon a dubious light bestow'd,
Lands as we pass'd and intermingled sea:
Nor ceas'd our voyage, till the blushing dawn
Dispell'd the glimmering of the starry host;
And Night's dark curtain by degrees withdrawn,
We found ourselves on *Thulé*'s sky-girt coast:
Where *Silence* sits on her untroubled throne,
As if she left the world to live and reign alone.

V.

Here no invading noise the Goddess finds,
High as she sits o'er the surrounding deep;
But pleas'd she listens to the hollow winds,
Or the shrill mew, that lulls her evening-sleep;
Deep in a cleft-worn rock we found her laid,
Spangled the roof with many an artless gem:
Slowly she rose, and met us in the shade,
As half disturb'd that such intrusion came:
But at her sister's sight with look discreet,
She better welcome gave, and pointed each a seat.

VI.

Wide from her grotto to the dazzled eye
A boundless prospect lay the azure waste,
Lost in the sightless limit sea and sky;
By measurable distance faintly trac'd;
Whence now arising from his wat'ry bed,
The sun emerging spread his golden ray;
When sweetly *Patience* rais'd her pensive head,

And thus the Goddess said, or seem'd to say:
" Mark, mortal, with Attention's deepest care,
The swift approaching scene the hands of Heaven prepare."

VII.

With look intent, across the shining void,
(An object to the weak beholder lost!)
Just in the horizon dim a sail I spied,
As if she made some long-expected coast:
Kind to her wishes blew the western breeze,
As, swift advancing o'er the placid main
She shap'd her course, increasing by degrees,
Till nearer sense made all her beauties plain;
And shew'd her on the yielding billows ride,
In all the gallant trim of ornamental pride!

VIII.

Thus flew she onward with expanded sail,
A sight delightful to the pleasur'd eye!
Borne on the wings of the propitious gale,
Heedless, alas! of hidden danger nigh:
The joyful sailor, long on ocean tost,
Already thought his tedious sufferings o'er;
Already hail'd the hospitable coast,
And trod in thought along the friendly shore:
When, dreadful to behold!—disastrous shock!
Shipwreck'd, at once she struck on a wave-cover'd rock!

IX.

O Heaven!—it was a piteous sight to view
The wild confusion suddenly took place!
The different gestures of the frighted crew!
The fear that mark'd each death-distracted face.
All one impassion'd scene of woe appear'd,
Some wildly rav'd, while others scarce could speak.
No order was observ'd, no reason heard,
For mortal paleness sate on every cheek!
I look'd at *Patience!*—as she sate me nigh,
And wonder'd, as I look'd, to see her tearless eye!

X.

Again I turn'd—when, o'er the vessel's side,
Distinct I saw a manly youth appear,
Launch the oar'd pinnace to the swelling tide,
Nor shew'd his steady brow a guilty fear!
The sad remainder with a mournful hail
His just design and bold departure blest;
With lifted eye he spread the slender sail,
As if he trusted Heaven to guide the rest:
Swift o'er the main the bark retreating flew,
And the tall ship at once was taken from my view.

XI.

Immediate *Patience* from her seat arose,
And all abrupt the transient visit broke;

While *Silence*, pleas'd, return'd to her repose,
With air compos'd, for never word she spoke:
Again cloud-wafted we pursu'd our way
Westward, as gave the alter'd wind to ride,
When thus, methought, I heard the Goddess say,
" 'Tis mine to wait yon' boat that braves the tide,
For well, alas, too well I now foresee,
Much need yon voyagers will quickly have for me."

XII.

Driven on the pinions of the eastern wind
O'er many a sea-girt isle, and rocky coast,
We left bleak Shetland's shadowy hills behind,
To watch the little bark in ocean tost:
For now from sight of land diverted clear,
They drove uncertain o'er the pathless deep,
Nor gave the adverse gale due course to steer,
Nor durst they the design'd direction keep:
The gathering tempest quickly rag'd so high,
The wave-encompass'd boat but faintly reach'd my eye.

XIII.

Yet could I mark, amidst the noisy waste,
The peaceful exit blameless Virtue gave;
Calm sate the youth in the loud threatening blast,
And firm prepar'd him for his wat'ry grave!
One fond regard, his latest debt, he paid,
Eastward, to Caledonia's native shore;

And thus (methought) in dying accents said,
" Farewell my country!"—he could say no more,
For the wild surge with rage devouring spread,
And whelm'd the hapless youth in Ocean's liquid bed.

XIV.

Then *Patience* meek, as from my rending heart,
She heard deep utter'd the expressive sighs,
" Seest thou (she said) that youth's undaunted part,
Who yonder ev'n in death unvanquish'd lies?
There view the blest effects from Virtue flow,
The cow'rd from Fate to shameful Safety flies;
The truly valiant dares to meet the foe,
Nor shrinks from danger, but with honour dies:
For guilt of all defence disarms the slave,
But innocence in death supports the good and brave.

XV.

" Yet, ere yon setting sun his light renew,
Shalt thou behold the decent honors paid
To the pale corse now floating in thy view,
And see it in the earth lamented laid;
For though he dies from each expecting friend,
Whose vows were offer'd for his safe return;
The mournful stranger o'er his grave shall bend,
The blushing virgins weep around his urn!
Such privilege his spotless truth shall boast,
Though to your distant world in dark oblivion lost!"

XVI.

The tempest ceas'd—and all the sober night
Intent our course aërial we pursued;
Till as Aurora dawn'd with ruddy light,
An island we perceiv'd that stemm'd the flood;
No hills, nor trees adorn'd the level soil,
Where bleating flocks a plenteous herbage found;
Low lay the prospect of the bleating isle
With here and there a spot of tillage-ground:
By which the humble village stood descried,
Where never enter'd arts, or luxury, or pride!

XVII.

O'er many a sea-green holm we wafted went
Where undisturb'd the feather'd nations lay!
Till lighting on the plain with soft descent,
We saw a reverend form advance our way;
And now approaching with an easy pace,
The venerable sage before us stands,
White were his hairs, and chearful was his face,
At once delights his aspect and commands:
I felt all care suspended at his view,
Whom better far than I his kindred Goddess knew.

XVIII.

Of homespun russet was the garb he bore,
Girt with a velvet seal's divided skin:

Of woollen yarn the mittens which he wore
To keep him from the breath of Boreas thin:
An easy path along the verdant ground
Soon to his hospitable cottage led,
Ere yet instructed I my error found,
Nor knew the cause my first emotion bred,
Till, as into his clean abode we went,
Kind *Patience* whisper'd me our host was call'd *Content*.

XIX.

Sweet was his earthen floor with rushes spread,
Sweet was each shell-wrought bowl, and wooden dish,
Sweet was the quilt compos'd his healthy bed,
Nor wanted he for fowl, or sun-dried fish;
And milk of sheep, and turf, a plenteous store,
Which lay beneath his comfortable roof;
No storms, no accidents, could make him poor,
He and his house, I ween, were weather-proof.
A batchelor he wonde, devoid of care,
Which made him now appear so healthy and so fair.

XX.

Long time with *Patience* fair discourse he held,
(Oft had the Goddess been his welcome guest)
Nor she the friendly intercourse repell'd,
But the good sire familiarly address'd:
Thus were we happily conversant set,
When from the neighbouring village rose a cry,

And drew our hasty steps where numbers met,
Like us, appear'd to know the reason—why?
Nor needed answer: on the sea-weed spray,
Too visible reply!—the wave-toss'd body lay.

XXI.

How stood I shock'd—when in the semblant face,
(By death unalter'd, or the cruel flood)
I could of *Lycidas* each feature trace,
Young *Lycidas*, the learned and the good!
" O Heaven (cried I) what sorrows will he feel,
Debarr'd the promis'd hope of thy return?
Not all his skill the mental wound can heal,
Or cure a loss he must so justly mourn!
How will he weep when in the ocean-grave,
He hears a brother lost he could have died to save!"

XXII.

Here with observant eye, and look serene,
Thus check'd the good old man my plaintive speech;
" Best in submission piety is seen,
That lesson let thy kind conductress teach:
But lest the youth, thy friend bewails, should want
The rites departed merit ought to find,
Let these assembled natives kindly grant
The unpolluted grave, by Heaven assign'd:
A corpse that claim'd a due interment more,
Yet never wafted wave to *Faroe*'s guiltless shore!"

XXIII.

He said—obedient to his just commands
The zealous youth the breathless body bear,
Some form the sepulchre with careful hands,
While round the virgins drop the artless tear.
Such flowers as Nature grants the ruder clime,
Such flowers around with pious care they shed,
And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme,
Allotted to the sage, or warrior dead:
While as these fruitless honors are bestow'd,
Content with sober speech his purpose thus avow'd:

XXIV.

" What boots thee now, lost youth! that cross the main,
Thou spread the daring sail from pole to pole,
Wealth to acquire, and knowledge to attain:
Knowledge, the nobler treasure of thy soul!
Beneath the scorching of the medial line,
On Afric's sand, and India's golden coast;
Virtue gave thee with native truth to shine,
Drest in each excellence that youth could boast,
And now she gives thee from the wave to rise,
And reach the safer port prepar'd thee in the skies.

XXV.

" Yet take these honors, thy deserv'd reward!
Call this untroubled spot of earth thy own;

Here shall thy ashes find a due regard,
And annual sweets around thy grave be thrown.
Directing Heaven ordain'd thy early end,
From fraud and guilt to save thy blameless youth,
To show that Death no terrors can attend,
Where Piety resides and holy Truth:
Here take thy rest within this hallow'd ground,
Till the last trump emit the dead-awakening sound!"

XXVI.

He ceas'd—attentive to the words he said,
In earth the natives place the honor'd clay;
With holy rites they cover up his head,
A spotless grave, where never mortal lay!
Charm'd with the simple manners of the isle,
I wish'd some further knowledge to receive;
Here could have dwelt with old *Content* awhile,
And learn'd of him the happiness to live!
When *Patience* from my side abruptly broke,
And starting at the loss, I suddenly awoke!

POEM VII.

BY

THE LATE MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

I.

Ye baleful followers of the Blatant Beast,
Who censure matters far beyond your ken,
Behold, I now present you with a feast;
Rush forth like wolves from your sequester'd den,
And mangle all the labors of my pen.
Show, ye rude louts, your lewd unhallow'd rage,
In this I share the fate of greater men;
Pale Envy ever gnaws the laurel'd page,
And 'gainst all worthy wight doth war perpetual wage.

II.

If thee, sweet nymph, these simple lines aggrate,
If I may hope to merit thine esteem,
Not with the proudest would I change my state
Of those who deeply drink Castalia's stream,
And on Parnassus catch th' inspiring dream.
Say, thou dear nourisling of the Paphian Queen,

Wilt thou, ah! wilt thou patronize my theme,
So shall this measure blunt the tooth of spleen,
Nor critic's tongue shall blast such favor'd lines, I ween.

III.

See! how the tribe of witlings shun the place,
And deep in shades conceal their fronts of brass;
The coxcomb talks of feathers, cloaths, and lace,
Nay Codrus unimpeach'd doth let me pass,
Codrus, of pride and spite a mighty mass.
Thus when a set of imps at midnight play,
And tear the corses from the hallow'd grass;
Soon as the sun unbars the gates of day,
They fear his heavenly light and melt in air away.

THE

SEASONS.

By the Same.

Annuus agricolis ordo breviorque laborum
Summa mihi tradenda. Praedium Rusticum.

SPRING.

I.

Ere yet I sing the round-revolving year,
And show the toils and pastime of the swain,
At Alcon's grave I drop a pious tear;
Right well he knew to raise his learned strain,
And, like his Milton, scorn'd the rhiming chain.
Ah! cruel fate, to tear him from our eyes;
Receive this wreath, albe the tribute's vain,
From the green sod may flowers immortal rise,
To mark the sacred spot where the sweet poet lies.

II.

It is the cuckoo that announceth Spring,
And with his wreakful tale the spouse doth fray;

Mean while the finches harmless ditties sing,
And hop, in buxom youth, from spray to spray,
Proud as Sir Paridel of rich array.
The little wantons that draw Venus team
Chirp amorous thro' the grove in beavies gay;
And he, who erst gain'd Leda's fond esteem,
Now sails on Thamis' tide, the glory of the stream!

III.

Proud as the Turkish soldan, chaunticleer
Sees, with delight, his numerous race around:
He grants fresh favours to each female near;
For love as well as cherisaunce renown'd.
The waddling dame that did the Gauls confound,
Her tawny sons doth lead to rivers cold;
While Juno's dearling, with majestic bound,
To charm his leman doth his train unfold,
That glows with vivid green, that flames with burning gold.

IV.

The balmy cowslip gilds the smiling plain,
The virgin snow-drop boasts her silver hue,
An hundred tints the gaudy daisy stain,
And the meek violet, in amis blue,
Creeps low to earth, and hides from public view:
But the rank nettle rears her crest on high;
So ribaulds loose their front unblushing shew,
While modest merit doth neglected lie,
And pines in lonely shade, unseen of vulgar eye.

V.

See! all around the gall-less culver's bill,
Mean while the nightingale's becalming lays
Mix with the plaintive music of the rill,
The which in various gyres the meadow bays.
Behold! the welkin bursts into a blaze!
Fast by the car of light the nimble hours,
In songs of triumph, hail his genial rays,
And, as they wend to Thetis cooling bowers,
They bound along the sky, and strew the heavens with flowers.

VI.

And now the human bosom melts to love;
The raptur'd bard awakes his skilful lyre,
By running streams, or in the laurel grove,
He tunes to amorous notes his sounding wire,
All, all is harmony, and all desire.
The happy numbers charm the blooming maid.
Her blushing cheeks pronounce her heart on fire,
She now consents, then shuns th' embowering shade,
With faint reluctance yields; desirous, yet afraid.

VII.

Now rustic Cuddy, with untutor'd throat,
(Tho' much admir'd, I ween, of nymph and swain)
By various songs would various ends promote.

Seeks he to prove that woman's vows are vain?
He Bateman's fortune tells, a baleful strain!
And if, to honor Britain he be led,
He sings a 'prentice bold, in londs profane,
Who, all unarm'd, did strike two lions dead,
Tore forth their savage hearts, and did a princess wed.

VIII.

But hark! the bag-pipe summons to the green,
The jocund bag-pipe, that awaketh sport;
The blithesome lasses, as the morning sheen,
Around the flower-crown'd may-pole quick resort;
The gods of pleasure here have fix'd their court.
Quick on the wing the flying moment seize,
Nor build up ample schemes, for life is short,
Short as the whisper of the passing breeze.
Yet, ah! in vain I preach—mine heart is ill at ease.

SUMMER.

I.

Beneath yon snubby oak's extended shade
Safe let me hide me from the eye of day;
Nor shall the dog-star this retreat invade,
As thro' the heavens he speeds his burning way:
The sultry lion rages for his prey.
Ah Phoebus, quench thy wild destroying fire,
Each flower, each shrub doth sink beneath thy ray,
Save the fresh laurel, that shall ne'er expire.
The leaves that crown a bard may brave celestial ire.

II.

Or shall I hie to mine own hermitage,
Round which the wanton vine her arms doth wind,
There may I lonely turn the sacred page,
Improve my reason, and amend my mind;
Here 'gainst life's ills a remedy I find.
An hundred flowers emboss the verdant ground;
A little brook doth my sweet cottage bind,
Its waters yield a melancholy sound,
And sooth to study deep, or lull to sleep profound.

III.

The playful insect hopping in the grass
Doth tire the hearer with his sonnet shrill;
The pool-sprung gnat on sounding wing doth pass,
And on the ramping steed doth suck his fill;
Ah me, can little creatures work such ill!
The patient cow doth, to eschew the heat,
Her body steep within the neighbouring rill;
And while the lambs in fainter voices bleat,
Their mothers hang the head, in doleful plight I weet.

IV.

Rechless of seasons, see the lusty swains
Along the meadow spread the tawny hay;
The maidens too undaunted seek the plains,
Ne fear to show their faces to the ray;
But all the honest badge of toil display.
See how they mould the haycock's rising head;
While wanton Colin, full of amorous play,
Down throweth Susan, who doth shriek for dread.
Fear not—thou can'st be hurt upon so soft a bed.

V.

At length the sun doth hasten to repose,
And all the vault of heaven is streak'd with light;
In flamy gold the ruddy welkin glows,
And, for the noon-day heat, our pains doth quite,

For all is calm, serene, and passing bright.
Favonius gentle skims along the grove,
And sheds sweet odors from his pennons light.
The little bat in giddy orbs doth rove,
And loud the screech-owl shrieks, to rouse her blue-eyed love.

VI.

Menalcas came to taste the evening gale,
His cheeks impurpled with the rose of youth;
He won each damsel with his piteous tale,
They thought they listen'd to the words of truth,
Yet their belief did work them muchel ruth.
His oaths were light as gossimer, or air,
His tongue was poisonous as an aspic's tooth.
Ah! cease to promise joy, and give despair:
'Tis brave to smite the foe; 'tis base to wrong the fair.

VII.

The gentle Thyrsis, mild as opening morn,
Came to the lawn, and Marian there was found,
Marian whom many huswife arts adorn,
Right well she knew the apple to surround
With dulcet crust; and Thomalin renown'd
For prow atchievements in the wrestling-ring;
He held at nought the vantage of the ground,
But prone to earth the hardiest wight would fling;
Such was Alcides erst, if poets sooth do sing.

VIII.

From tree-crown'd hill, from flower-enamel'd vale,
The mild inhabitants in crouds appear
To tread a measure; while night's regent pale
Doth thro' the sky her silver chariot steer,
Whose lucid wheels were deck'd with dew-drops clear,
The which, like pearls, descended on the plain.
Now every youth doth clasp his mistress dear,
And every nymph rewards her constant swain.
Thrice happy he who loves, and is belov'd again.

AUTUMN.

I.

See jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green,
In wholesome lusty-hed doth mount the sphere,
A leafy girlond binds her temples sheen,
Instudded richly with the spiky ear.
Her right hand bears a vine-incircled spear,
Such as the crew did wield whom Bacchus lad,
When to the Ganges he his course did steer;
And in her left a bugle horn she had,
On which she eft did blow, and made the heart right glad.

II.

In slow procession moves the tottering wain,
The sun-burnt hinds their finish'd toil ensue;
Now in the barn they house the glittering grain,
And there the cries of "harvest home" renew,
The honest farmer doth his friends salew;
And them with jugs of ale his wife doth treat,
Which, for that purpose, she at home did brew;
They laugh, they sport, and homely jests repeat,
Then smack their lasses lips, their lips as honey sweet.

III.

On every hill the purple-blushing vine
Beneath her leaves her racy fruit doth hide:
Albe she pour not floods of foaming wine,
Yet are we not potations bland denied;
See where the pear-tree doth in earth abide,
Bruise her rich fruitage, and the grape disdain;
The apple too will grant a generous tide,
To sing whose honors Thenot rais'd his strain,
Whose soul-inchanting lays still charm the listening plain.

IV.

Thro' greyish mists behold Aurora dawns,
And to his sport the wary fowler hies;
Crouching to earth his guileful pointer fawns,
Now the thick stubble, now the clover tries,
To find where, with his race, the partridge lies;
Ah! luckless fire, ah! luckless race, I ween,
Whom force compels, or subtle arts surprize;
More uncles wait to cause thee dolorous teen,
Doom'd to escape the deep, and perish on the green.

V.

The full-mouth'd hounds pursue the timorous hare,
And the hills echo to the joyful cry;
Ah! borrow the light pennons of the air,

If you're arraught, you die, poor wretch, you die.
Nought will avail the pity-pleading eye,
For our good squire doth much against you rail,
And saith you often magic arts do try;
At times you wave Grimalkin's sooty tail,
Or on a beesom vild you thro' the welkin sail.

VI.

The stag is rous'd; he stems the threatening flood
That shall ere long his matchless swiftness quell;
And, to avoid the tumult of the wood,
Amongst his well-known pheers attempts to mell:
With horn and hoof his purpose they repell.
Thus, should a maid from virtue's lore ystray,
Your sex, my Daphne, show their vengeance fell;
Your cruel selves with gall the shaft embay,
And lash from pardon's shrine the penitent away.

VII.

Now silence charms the sages of the gown,
To purer air doth speed each crafty wight;
The well-squeez'd client quits the dusty town,
Grown grey in the asserting of his right,
With head yfraught with law, and pockets light,
Well pleas'd he wanders o'er the fallow lea,
And views each rural object with delight.
Ne'er be my lot the brawling courts to see;
Who trusts to lawyer's tongue doth much misween, perdy.

VIII.

Right bless'd the man who free from bitter bale,
Doth in the little peaceful hamlet dwell,
No loud contention doth his ears assail,
Save when the tempest whistles o'er his cell;
The fruitful down, the flower-depainted dell,
To please his eyne are variously array'd;
And when in roundelay his flame he'd tell,
He gains a smile from his beloved maid;
By such a gentle smile an age of pain's repaid.

WINTER.

I.

THE little brook that erst my cot did lave,
And o'er its flinty pavement sweetly sung,
Doth now forget to roll her wanton wave,
For winter hoar her icy chain has flung,
And still'd the babbling music of her tongue.
The lonely woodcock seeks the splashy glen,
Each mountain head with fleecy snow is hung;
The snipe and duck enjoy the moorish fen,
Like Eremites they live, and shun the sight of men.

II.

The wareless sheep no longer bite the mead,
No more the plough-boy turns the stubborn ground,
At the full crib the horned labourers feed,
Their nostrils cast black clouds of smoak around;
A squalid coat doth the lean steed surround.
The wily fox doth prowl abroad for prey,
Rechless of snares, or of th' avenging hound;
And trusty Lightfoot, now no longer gay,
Sleeps at the kitchen hearth his cheerless hours away.

III.

Where erst the boat, and slowly-moving barge,
Did with delight cut thro' the dimpling plain,
Now wanton boys and men do roam at large;
The river-gods quit their usurp'd domain,
And of the wrong at Neptune's court complain.
There mote you see mild Avon crown'd with flowers,
And milky Wey withouten spot or stain;
There the fair stream that washes Hampton's bowers,
And Isis who with pride beholds her learned towers.

IV.

Intent on sport, the ever jocund throng
Quit their warm cots, and for the game prepare;
Behold the restless foot-ball whirls along,
Now near the earth, now mounted high in air.
Thus often men, in life's wild lottery fare,
Who quit true bliss to grasp an empty toy.
Our honest swains for wealth nor titles care,
But lusty health in exercise employ.
The distant village hears the rude tumultuous joy.

V.

The careful hedger looks the fields around
To see what labor may his skill demand;
He mends the fence, repairs the sinking mound,

Or in long drains he cuts the lower land,
That shall henceforth all sudden floods withstand.
Mean while at home his dame, with silver hair,
Doth sit incircled by a goodly band
Of lovely maids, who various works prepare,
All chaste as Jove's wise child, as Cupid's mother fair.

VI.

She them discourses not of fashions nice,
Nor of the trilling notes which eunuchs sing,
Allurements vain, that prompt the soul to vice!
Ne tells she them of Kesar or of king;
Too great the subject for so mean a ring.
Her lessons teach to swell the capon's size;
To make the hen a numerous offspring bring;
Or how the way-ward mother to chastize
When from her vetchy nest the weetless vagrant hies.

VII.

When glistering spangles deck the robe of night,
And all their kine in pens avoid the cold,
The buxom troops, still eager of delight,
Round Damon's eyne a drapet white infold,
He darkling gropes till he some one can hold.
Next Corin hides his head, and must impart
What wanton fair one smote his hand so bold.

He Delia names, nor did from truth depart;
For well he knew her touch, who long had fir'd his heart.

VIII.

Stay I conjure you by your hopes of bliss,
Trust not, my Daphne, the rough-biting air,
Let not rude winds those lips of softness kiss,
Will Eurus stern, the charms of beauty spare?
No, he will hurt my rosy-featur'd fair,
If aught so bright dares rugged carl invade,
Too tender thou such rough assaults to bear;
The mountain ash may stand tho' strip'd of shade,
But at the slightest wound the silken flower will fade.

POEM VIII.

THE

POETICAL CALENDAR.

AN HYMN TO MAY.

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON, M. A.
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Nunc formosissimus annus. Virg.

Argument.

Subject proposed. Invocation of May. Description of her: Her operations on nature. Bounty recommended; in particular at this season. Vernal apostrophe. Love the ruling passion in May. The celebration of Venus her Birth-Day in this month. Rural retirement in Spring. Conclusion.

I.

ETHERIAL daughter of the lusty Spring,
And sweet Favonius, ever-gentle May!
Shall I, unblam'd, presume of thee to sing,
And with thy living colors gild my lay?
Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain;
My numbers languish in a softer vein:
I pant too emulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.

II.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,
With storms when winter blackens Nature's face;
When whirling winds the howling forest tear,
And shake the solid mountains to their base:
Say, what refulgent chambers of the sky
Veil thy beloved glories from the eye,
For which the nations pine, and earth's fair children die?

III.

Where Leda's twins, forth from their diamond-tower,
Alternate, o'er the night their beams divide,
In light embosom'd, happy and secure
From winter-rage, thou chusest to abide;
Blest residence! for there, as poets tell,
The powers of Poetry and Wisdom dwell;
Apollo wakes the Arts, the Muses strike the shell.

IV.

Certes o'er Rhedicyna's laurel'd mead,
(For ever spread, ye laurels, green and new!)
The brother-stars their gracious nurture shed,
And secret blessings of poetic-dew:
They bathe their horses in the learned flood,
With flame recruited for th' etherial road;
And deem fair Isis' swans fair as their father-god.

V.

No sooner April, trim'd with girlands gay,
Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly showers;
But, in the eastern-pride of beauty, May,
To gladden earth, forsakes her heavenly bowers,
Restoring Nature from her palsied state.
April, retire; ne longer, Nature, wait:
Soon may she issue from the morning's golden gate.

VI.

Come, bounteous May! in fulness of thy might,
Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing hours,
All-recent from the bosom of delight,
With nectar nurtur'd, and involv'd in flowers:
By Spring's sweet blush, by Nature's teeming womb;
By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom;
By Venus-self (for Venus-self demands thee) come!

VII.

By the warm sighs, in dewy even-tide,
Of melting maidens, in the wood-bine-groves,
To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride;
By billing turtles, and by cooing doves;
By the youths' plainings stealing on the air,
(For youths will plain, tho' yielding be the fair)
Hither, to bless the maidens and the youths, repair.

VIII.

With dew bespangled, by the hawthorn-buds,
With freshness breathing, by the daisied plains;

By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,
And jovial roundelays of nymphs and swains;
In thy full energy, and rich array,
Delight of earth and heaven! O blessed May!
From heaven descend to earth: on earth vouchsafe
to stay.

IX.

She comes!—A silken camus, emral'd-green,
Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows,
(Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen)
And with the labors of the needle glows,
Purfled by Nature's hand! the amorous air
And musky-western breezes fast repair,
Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her hair:

X.

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems)
With the gay honors of the Spring entwin'd,
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,
Floats glittering on the sun, and scents the wind
Lovesick with odors!—now to order roll'd,
It melts upon her bosom's dainty mold,
Or, curling round her waist, disparts its wavy gold.

XI.

Young-circling roses, blushing, round them throw
The sweet abundance of their purple rays,
And lillies, dip'd in fragrance, freshly blow,
With blended beauties, in her angel-face:

The humid radiance beaming from her eyes
The air and seas illumes, the earth and skies,
And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

XII.

On Zephyr's wing the laughing Goddess view
Distilling balm: she cleaves the buxom air,
Attended by the silver-footed dew,
The ravages of winter to repair:
She gives her naked bosom to the gales,
Her naked bosom down the ether sails;
Her bosom breathes delight; her breath the spring exhales.

XIII.

All as the Phoenix, in Arabian skies,
New-burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,
At large, in roseal undulation, flies;
His plumage dazzles, and the gazer tires:
Around their King the plumy nations wait,
Attend his triumph, and augment his state:
He towering claps his wings, and wins th' etherial height.

XIV.

So round this Phoenix of the gaudy year
A thousand, nay ten thousand Sports and Smiles,
Fluttering in gold along the hemisphere,
Her praises chant; her praises glad the isles:
Conscious of her approach (to deck her bowers)

Earth from her fruitful lap and bosom pours
A waste of springing sweets, and voluntary flowers.

XV.

Narcissus fair, in snowy velvet gown'd ;
Ah foolish! still to love the fountain-brim :
Sweet Hyacinth, by Phoebus erst bemoan'd ;
And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim :
Whate'er, Armida, in thy gardens blew ;
Whate'er the sun inhales, or sips the dew ;
Whate'er compose the chaplet on Ianthe's brow.

XVI.

He who undaz'd can wander o'er her face,
May gaze upon the solar-blaze at noon!—
What more than female sweetness, and a grace
Peculiar! save, Ianthe, thine alone,
Ineffable effusion of the day!
So very much the same, that lovers say,
May is Ianthe ; or the dear Ianthe May.

XVII.

So far as doth the harbinger of day
The lesser lamps of night in sheen excell ;
So far in sweetness and in beauty May
Above all other months doth bear the bell :
So far as May doth other months exceed,
So far in virtue and in goodlihead,
Above all other nymphs Ianthe bears the meed.

XVIII.

Welcome! as to a youthful poet wine,
To fire his fancy, and enlarge his soul:
He weaves the laurel-chaplet with the vine,
And grows immortal as he drains the bowl:
Welcome! as beauty to the lovesick swain,
For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain;
He darts into her arms; she smiles away his pain.

XIX.

The drowzy elements, arouz'd by thee,
Roll to harmonious measures, active all!
Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee,
Exult to celebrate thy festival:
Fire burns intenser; softer breathes the air;
More smooth the waters flow; earth smiles more fair:
Earth, water, air and fire, thy gladdening impulse share.

XX.

What boundless tides of splendor o'er the skies,
O'erflowing brightness, stream their golden rays!
Heaven's azure kindles with the varying dies,
Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze:
Air whitens; wide the tracts of ether been
With colors damask'd rich, and goodly sheen,
And all above is blue, and all below is green.

XXI.

At thy approach the wild waves' loud uproar,
And foamy surges of the maddening main,
Forget to heave their mountains to the shore,
Diffus'd into the level of the plain:
For thee the Halcyon builds her summer's nest;
For thee the Ocean smooths her troubled breast,
Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple drest.

XXII.

Have ye not seen, in gentle even-tide,
When Jupiter the earth hath richly shower'd,
Striding the clouds, a bow dispredden wide,
As if with light inwove, and gayly flower'd
With bright variety of blending dies?
White, purple, yellow, melt along the skies,
Alternate colors sink, alternate colors rise.

XXIII.

The earth's embroidery then have ye eyed,
And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white;
Their vernal-tinctur'd leaves, luxurious, died
In Flora's livery, painted by the Light:
Light's painted children in the breezes play,
Unfold their dewy bosoms to the ray,
Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.

XXIV.

From the wide altar of the foodful earth
The flowers, the herbs, the plants their incense roll;
The orchards swell the ruby-tinctur'd birth;
The vermil-gardens breathe the spicy soul:
Grateful to May the nectar-spirit flies,
The wafted clouds of lavish'd odors rise,
The Zephyr's balmy load, perfuming all the skies.

XXV

The bee, the golden daughter of the Spring,
From mead to mead, in wanton labor, roves,
And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing
With all the essence of the flushing groves:
Extracts the aromatic soul of flowers,
And humming in delight, its waxen bowers
Fills with the luscious spoil, and lives ambrosial hours.

XXVI.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and lusty droves,
That low in pastures, or on mountains bleat,
Revive their frolics and renew their loves,
Stung to the marrow with thy generous heat:
The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,
Shakes to the winds the honors of his mane,
(High arch'd his neck) and snuffing, hopes the dappled train.

XXVII.

Th' aerial songsters sooth the listening groves:
The mellow thrush, the ouzle sweetly shrill,
And little linnets celebrate their loves
In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill:
The soaring lark; the lowly nightingale,
A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,
And melancholy music dies along the dale.

XXVIII.

This gay exuberance of the gorgeous spring,
The gilded mountain, and the herbag'd vale;
The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,
The murmuring fountain, and the breathing dale:
The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,
The vales, the mountains, and the spring invite,
Yet, unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the sight.

XXIX.

When Nature laughs around, shall man alone,
Thy image, hang (ah me!) the sickly head?
When Nature sings, shall Nature's glory groan,
And languish for the pittance poor of bread?
O may the man that shall his image scorn,
Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn,
Die unanell'd, and dead, by dogs and kites be torn.

XXX.

Curs'd may he be (as if he were not so)
Nay doubly curs'd be such a breast of steel,
Which never melted at another's woe,
Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel:
His heart is black as hell, in flowing store
Who hears the needy crying at his door,
Who hears them cry, ne recks; but suffers them be poor.

XXXI.

But blest, O more than doubly blest be he!
Let honor crown him and eternal rest,
Whose bosom, the sweet fount of charity,
Flows out to noursle Innocence distrest:
His ear is open to the widow's cries,
His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow dries;
Like mercy's self he looks on want with pity's eyes.

XXXII.

In this blest season, pregnant with delight,
Ne may the boading owl with screeches wound
The solemn silence of the quiet night,
Ne croaking raven, with unhallow'd sound.
Ne damned ghost affray with deadly yell
The waking lover, rais'd by mighty spell,
To pale the stars, till Hesper shine it back to hell.

XXXIII.

Ne Witches rifle gibbets, by the moon,
(With horror winking, trembling all with fear)
Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone:
Nor imp in visionary shape, appear,
To blast the thriving verdure of the plain;
Ne let Hobgoblin, ne the Ponk profane
With shadowy glare the light, and mad the bursting brain.

XXXIV.

Yet fairy-elves (so antient custom's will)
The green-gown'd fairy-elves, by starry sheen,
May gambol or in valley or on hill,
And leave your footsteps on the circled green:
Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around;
Full featly, Ob'ron, thou, o'er grass-turf bound:
Mab brushes off no dew-drops, Ob'ron prints no ground.

XXXV.

Ne bloody rumors violate the ear
Of cities sack'd, and kingdoms desolate,
With plague or sword, with pestilence or war;
Ne rueful murder stain thy aera date;
Ne shameless calumny, for fell despight,
The foulest fiend that e'er blasphem'd the light,
At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

XXXVI.

Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,
Ne voice of misery assault the heart;
Ne fatherless from table be debarr'd;
Ne piteous tear from eye of sorrow start:
But Plenty, pour thyself into the bowl
Of bounty-head; may never want controul
That good, good honest man, who feeds the famish'd soul.

XXXVII.

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep;
The viol wake alone, and tender flute:
The Phrygian lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,
And, Erato, dissolve the Lydian lute:
Yet Clio frets and burns, with honest pain,
To rouze and animate the martial strain,
Since William charg'd the foe on fam'd Culloden's plain.

XXXVIII.

The trumpet sleeps, but soon for thee shall wake,
Illustrious Chief! to sound thy mighty name,
(Snatch'd from the malice of Lethean lake)
Triumphant-swelling from the mouth of Fame:
Mean-while, disdain not (so the virgins pray)
This rosy crown, with myrtle wove and bay,
(Too humble crown I ween) the offering of May.

XXXIX.

And while the virgins hail thee with their voice,
Heaping thy crouded way with greens and flowers,
And in the fondness of their heart rejoice
To sooth, with dance and song, thy gentler hours:
Indulge the season, and with sweet repair
Embay thy limbs, the vernal blessing share:
Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for future war.

XL.

Britannia's happy isle derives from May
The choicest blessings Liberty bestows,
When royal Charles (for ever hail the day!)
In mercy triumph'd o'er ignoble foes:
Restor'd with him, the Arts their drooping head
Gaily again uprear'd; the Muses shade
With fresher honors bloom'd, in greener trim array'd.

XLI.

And thou, the goodliest blossom of our isles!
Great Frederick's and his Augusta's joy,
Thy native month approv'd with infant smiles,
Sweet as the smiling May, Imperial Boy!
Britannia hopes thee for her future Lord,
Lov'd as thy Parents, only not ador'd!
When-e'er a George is born, Charles is again restor'd.

XLII.

O may his Father's pant for finer fame,
And boundless bountyhead to human kind;
His Grandsire's glory, and his Uncle's name,
Renown'd in war! inflame his ardent mind!
So arts shall flourish 'neath his equal sway,
So arms the hostile nations wide affray;
The laurel Victory, Apollo wear the bay.

XLIII.

Thro' kind infusion of celestial power
The dullard earth May quickeneth with delight:
Full suddenly the seeds of joy recure
Elastic spring, and force within empight:
If senseless elements invigorate prove
By genial May, and heavy matter move,
Shall shepherdesses cease, shall shepherds fail to love?

XLIV.

Ye shepherdesses, in a goodly round,
Purpled with health, as in the greenwood-shade,
Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground,
And deftly lead the dance along the glade;
(O may no showers your merry-makes affray!)
Hail at the opening, at the closing day,
All hail, ye Bonnibels, to your own season, May.

XLV.

Nor ye absent yourselves, ye shepherd-swains,
But lend to dance and song the liberal May,
And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,
Your flocks shall nibble and your lambkins play,
Frisking in glee. To May your girlands bring,
And ever and anon her praises sing:
The woods shall echo May, with May the vallies ring.

XLVI.

Your may-pole deck with flowery coronal;
Sprinkle the flowery coronal with wine;
And, in the nimble-footed galliard, all,
Shepherds and shepherdesses lively join:
Hither from village sweet and hamlet fair,
From bordering cot and distant glenne repair:
Let youth indulge its sport, to Eld bequeathe its care.

XLVII.

Ye wanton Dryads, and light-tripping Fawns,
Ye jolly Satyrs, full of lusty-head,
And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns;
O come with rural chaplets gay dispread!
With heel so nimble wear the springing grass;
To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling brass,
Or foot it to the reed: Pan pipes himself apace.

XLVIII.

In this soft season, when creation smil'd,
A quivering splendor on the ocean hung,
And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,
The queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung.
The Dolphins gambol o'er the watery way,
Carol the Naiads, while the Tritons play,
And all the sea-green sisters bless the holy-day.

XLIX.

In honor of her natal month, the Queen
Of bliss and beauty consecrates her hours,
Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,
To buxom ladies, and their paramours.
Love tips with golden alchemy his dart;
With rapturous anguish, with an honey'd smart
Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on heart.

L.

A softly-swelling hill, with myrtles crown'd,
(Myrtles to Venus algates sacred been)
Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground,
For ever fragrant and for ever green,
O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,
By beauty form'd for amorous regale:
Was ever hill so sweet as sweetest Acidale?

LI.

All down the sides, the sides profuse of flowers,
An hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow
Thro' mossy grottos, amaranthine bowers,
And form a laughing flood in vale below:
Where oft their limbs the Loves and Graces bay,
(When Summer sheds insufferable day)
And sport, and dive, and flounce in wantonness of play.

LII.

No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,
Save short-breath'd vows, the dear excess of joy;
Or harmless giggle of the youths and maids,
Who yield obeysance to the Cyprian boy:
Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale;
Or fountain, gurgling down the sacred vale,
Or hymn to beauty's queen, or lover's tender tale.

LIII.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her court
In light festivity and gladsome game:
The young and gay in frolic troops resort,
Withouten censure, and withouten blame.
In pleasure steep'd, and dancing in delight,
Night steals upon the day, the day on night:
Each knight his lady loves, each lady loves her knight.

LIV.

Where lives the man (if such a man there be)
In idle wilderness or desert drear,
To beauty's sacred power an enemy?
Let foul fiends harrow him; I'll drop no tear.
I deem that carl, by Beauty's power unmov'd,
Hated of Heaven, of none but Hell approv'd:
O may he never love! O never be belov'd!

LV.

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May!
Unconscious of Love's nectar-tickling sting,
And, unrelenting, cold to Beauty's ray;
Beauty the mother and the child of Spring!
Beauty and Wit declare the sexes even;
Beauty to woman, Wit to man is given;
Neither the slime of earth, but each the fire of heaven.

LVI.

Alliance sweet! let Beauty, Wit approve,
As flowers to sunshine ope the ready breast:
Wit Beauty loves, and nothing else can love:
The best alone is grateful to the best.
Perfection has no other parallel:
Can light with darkness, doves with ravens dwell?
As soon, perdie, shall heaven communion hold with hell.

LVII.

I sing to you, who love alone for love:
For gold the beauteous fools (O fools besure!)
Can win; tho' brighter wit shall never move:
But folly is to wit the certain cure.
Curs'd be the men, (or be they young or old)
Curs'd be the women, who themselves have sold
To the detested bed for lucre base of gold.

LVIII.

Not Julia such: she higher honor deem'd
To languish in the Sulmo-Poet's arms,
Than, by the Potentates of earth esteem'd,
To give to sceptres and to crowns her charms.
Not Laura such: in sweet Vauclusa's vale
She listen'd to her Petrarch's amorous tale:
But did poor Colin Clout o'er Rosalind prevail?

LIX.

Howe'er that be; in Acidalian shade,
Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day:
No dreams of banishment his loves invade;
Encircled in eternity of May.
Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclin'd
On violets, gives sorrow to the wind:
And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

LX.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of th' Arcadian train,
That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill:
Pipe on, of lovers the most loving swain!
Of bliss and melody O take thy fill!
Ne envy I, if dear Ianthe smile,
Tho' low my numbers, and tho' rude my stile;
Ne quit for Acidale fair Albion's happy isle.

LXI.

Come then, Ianthe! milder than the Spring,
And grateful as the rosy month of May,
O come; the birds the hymn of Nature sing,
Inchanting-wild, from every bush and spray:
Swell the green gems, and teem along the vine,
A fragrant promise of the future wine,
The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine!

LXII.

Let us our steps direct where Father-Thames
In silver windings draws his humid train,
And pours, where-e'er he rolls his naval-streams,
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray?
(Ah why so long from Isis banks away!)
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand
shepherd's play.

LXIII.

Or chuse you rather Theron's calm retreat,
Embosom'd, Surry, in thy verdant vale,
At once the Muses and the Graces seat!
There gently listen to my faithful tale.
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,
Or taste the odors of the mazy grove:
Hark how the turtles coo: I languish too with love.

LXIV.

Amid the pleasaunce of Arcadian scenes,
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;
Nor falls of water, nor enamell'd greens,
Can sooth my anguish, or invite to rest.
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.

LXV.

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay,
And from the water's crystal-bosom steal
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey:
The Perch, with purple speckled manifold;
The Eel, in silver labyrinth self-roll'd,
And carp, all-burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly gold.

LXVI.

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris-hues
And nature's pencil gay-diversified,
(For now the sun has lick'd away the dews)
Fair-flushing and bedeck'd like virgin-bride?
Thither (for they invite us) we'll repair,
Collect and weave, whate'er is sweet and fair),
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

LXVII.

Fair is the lilly, clad in balmy snow;
Sweet is the rose, of spring the smiling eye;
Nipt by the winds, their heads the lillies bow;
Cropt by the hand, the roses fade and die.
Tho' now in pride of youth and beauty drest,
O think, Ianthe, cruel time lays waste
The roses of the cheek, the lillies of the breast.

LXVIII.

Weep not; but, rather taught by this, improve
The present freshness of thy springing prime:
Bestow thy graces on the God of love,
Too precious for the wither'd arms of Time.
In chaste endearments, innocently gay,
Ianthee! now, now love thy spring away;
Ere cold October-blasts despoil the bloom of May.

LXIX.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,
With grateful diligence we wind our way;
What opening scenes our ravish'd senses fill,
And wide their rural luxury display!
Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots and spires,
Villas of learned clerks, and gentle squires;
The villa of a friend the eye-sight never tires.

LXX.

If e'er to thee and Venus, May, I strung
The gladsome lyre, when livelood swell'd my veins,
And Eden's nymphs and Isis' damsels sung
In tender elegy, and pastoral strains;
Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bowers,
O green his gardens! O perfume his flowers!
O bless his morning walks, and sooth his evening hours!

LXXI.

Long, Theron, with thy Annabell enjoy
The walks of Nature, still to virtue kind,
For sacred solitude can never cloy
The wisdom of an uncorrupted mind!
O very long may Hymen's golden chain

To earth confine you and the rural-reign;
Then soar, at length, to heaven! nor pray, O
Muse, in vain!

LXXII.

Where-e'er the Muses haunt, or Poets muse,
In solitary silence sweetly tir'd,
Unloose thy bosom, May! thy stores effuse,
Thy vernal stores, by Poets most desir'd,
Of living fountain, of the woodbine-shade,
Of Philomel, sweet warbling from the glade:
Thy bounty, in his verse, shall certes be repaid.

LXXIII.

On Twit'nam bowers (Aonian-Twit'nam bowers!)
Thy softest plenitude of beauties shed,
Thick as the winter stars, or summer flowers;
Albè the tuneful master (ah!) be dead.
To Colin next he taught my youth to sing,
My reed to warble, to resound my string:
The king of shepherds he, of poets he the king.

LXXIV.

Hail, happy scenes, where joy would chuse to dwell;
Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;
Hail music, which the Muses scant excell;
Hail flowrets, not unworthy Venus' crown.
Ye linnets, larks, ye thrushes, nightingales,

Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye gales,
Ye ever-happy scenes! all you, your Poet hails.

LXXV.

All hail to thee, O May! the crown of all!
The recompence and glory of my song:
Ne small the recompence, ne glory small,
If gentle ladies, and the tuneful throng,
With lover's myrtle, and with poet's bay
Fairly bedight, approve the simple lay,
And think on Thomalin whene'er they hail thee, May!

POEM IX.

A

FAREWELL HYMNE

TO THE

COUNTRY.

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF

SPENSER's EPITHALAMION.

BY THE REV. R. POTTER.

I.

SWEET poplar shade, whose trembling leaves emong
The cheereful birds delight to chaunt their laies;
Where oft the linnet powres the dulcet song,
And oft the thrilling thrush descanting plaies;
Their tunes attempring to the silver Yare,
Which gently murmurs here,
A babbling brook; but swelling in his pride
Sees two fam'd towns upon his bankes appeare,
And the tall ships on his faire bosom ride;
Indignant then rolls his prowde waves away,
And fomes ore half the sea:
Sweet stream, with shade refresht, orehung with bowres

Entrailed with the honied woodbine faire;
Where breathes the gentlest, softest, simplest aire
Stealing fresh odors from the rising flowres,
Joy of my calmer howres,
O sooth me with thy murmurs whiles I sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

II.

With pleasance oft two silver swannes I view
Pranking their silken plumes with conscious pride,
A comely couplement of goodly hew,
Come softly swimming down the crystal tide;
The crystal tide, resplendent as it may,
Looks not so faire as they,
Whether their snowie necks they love to lave,
Or pluck with jettie bill in wanton play
The yellow flowres that flote upon the wave;
Or sdeigne to tinge their plumage, lest they might
Soyle their pure beauties bright;
But with slow pomp on the clear surface move.
Sweet cygnets, whiter than the new-faln snow
That silvers ore Thessalian Pindus brow;
Purer than those that draw the queen of love,
Fayrer than Laeda's Jove,
Tune your melodious voices whiles I sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

III.

Oft when the modest morn in purple drest,
Wak'd by the lively larke's love-learned laye,

Unbars the golden light-gate of the east,
And as a bridemaid leads the blushing daye ;
The sunnes bright harbinger before her goes
Scattering violet, scattering rose ;
The jolly sunne, uprist with lusty pride,
Shakes his fair amber locks, and round him throws
His glitterand beams to wellcome up his bride;
Then bids his livery'd clouds before him flie,
And daunces up the skie.
Sweet is the breath of heaven with day-spring born ;
Sweet are the flowres, that ore the damaskt meads
To the new sunne unfold their velvet heads ;
Sweet is the dewe, the spangled child of morn,
That does the leaves adorn;
Sweet is the matin hymne the glad birds sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

IV.

With early step yon verdant slope I tread
Crown'd with the florisht bowre of cremosin health ;
Whence auntient Norwic rears her towred head,
Norwic, fair nurse of industrie and wealth !
Down in the dale my lowly hamlet lies,
Where truth without disguise,
Where dove-like peace, and virgin virtue where.
Hence Bacon's villa greets my pleasur'd eyes;
Bacon to Phoebus and the Muses deare,
Seeking, uncombred with the toyles of state,
This grove-embosom'd seate.
The tufted hill, the valley flowre-bedight,

The silver shinings of my winding Yare,
The corn green-springing, and the fallows seare,
The lambkins sporting round, rural delight,
From hence enchaunt the sight,
And wake the rural pipe, and tempt to sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

V.

Oft when the eve demure with dewy eye,
Clad in a lengthned stole of raven-gray,
Assumes the sober empire of the skye,
The streakt west glimmering to the parting day;
When golden Hesperus, forth-streaming bright,
The leader of the night,
Marshals his radiant troopes, and gives command
In heaven's hie arch their lovely lamps to light;
Shouting he walks the Gideon of the band:
When first the youthfull moon begins to show
New-bent her blessed bow;
When, or uprising from her eastern bowre
Full-orb'd she strives her glowing face to shroud,
Gorgeously mantled in a lucid cloud;
Or all her beaming brightness deignes to powre
The silver'd landskip o'er;
And shepherd swains their evening carrols sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring,

VI.

Ore the new-shaven level green I rove,
Where the fresh haycock breathes along the mead,
Or wander thro' th' uncertain-shaded grove,

Or the trim margent of the river tread ;
Where the soft murmurs of the poplars tall,
To the streames liquid fall
Attempred sweet, the museful mind delight;
Where the lone partridge to her mate does call,
Responsive in his homeward-hasting flight ;
Where the lowe quail with modulation bland
Runnes piping ore the land ;
Where, as I stray along the upland ground,
The farre-off clock just trembles to my ear ;
Where the mad citties louder mirth I hear,
When swinging in full peal, a festive sound,
The deep bells roar around :
In mute attention hush'd I cease to sing ;
Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.

VII.

Now night's pale fires a peacefull influence shed,
The flockes forget to bleat, the herds to low,
Loosely along the grassie green dispred :
The slumbring trees seem their tall tops to bow,
Rocking the careless birds that on them nest
To gentle, gentle rest ;
Silent each one, save the lone nightingale,
Of all the tuneful sisters sweetest, best ;
She, soft musitian, thro' th' encharmed dale
Powres dainty-dittied warbling to delight
The stillness of the night.
'Tis sacred thus to tread the dewy glade ;
In the calme solitude of that still howre

To nature's God, the gratefull soul to powre
Or in the silvery shine, or doubtfull shade
By quivering branches made:
Rapt with the aweful thought I cease to sing;
Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.

VIII.

When flaming in the zenith of his powre,
Darting directly down his fiery ray,
The hotte sunne, leaving his meridian bowre,
Enfevers with his beams the cloudlesse day;
The gadding herd from such a fervent skie
To the cool thicket flie,
Tormented with the bryzes teazefull sting;
Th' enduring sheep in th' hot sands panting lie;
The grashoppers, blithe insects, daunce and sing;
The mower swart his sweeping scythe forsakes,
The damzels quit their rakes,
And seated where the freshing shade is found
With joyous jolliment the daye beguile;
Sweet is the quaver'd laugh, the simper'd smile,
When, as the tale or gamesome song goes round,
The vocal vales resound;
Nor less to me, whiles I essay to sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

IX.

Ye lordings great, that in prowde citties wonne,
Which gently-cooling breezes never blesse;

In gorgeous palaces with heat foredonne,
Come here and envy at my littlenesse.
All on a hanging hill, a simple home,
For its small tenant roome,
Safe-nested in the bosom of a grove,
Where pride, and strife, and envie never come,
Nor any cares, save the sweet cares of love:
A little garden gives a cool retreat
From the daies powrefull heat;
Where flowes my gentle Yare, whose bankes along
Th' inwoven branches, like a girlond made,
With wanton wreathing decke a daintie shade;
While the smooth watry glass, reflecting strong,
With bending bankes, and shades respondent vies,
Pointing to downward skies:
Here in this soft enclosure whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

X.

Here bountious nature, like a virgin faire,
Whose ladie fingers deck the velvet green
With cunning colourings of broidery rare
Sweetly enterchang'd the varied shades atween,
The grassie groundsoil, as a lovely bride,
Hath richly beautifide,
Strowing the primrose pale, the violet blew,
The silver'd snow-drop, and the daisie pied,
The crocus glistering in its golden hew,
The cowslip drops of Amber weeping still,

The flaunting daffodil,
The virgin lillie, and the modest rose,
The prettie pink, the red and white yfere;
Flowres of all hewes that paint the various yeare;
And the mild zephyr, that emong them blows,
Around sweet odors throws,
Scenting the soft enclosure where I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XI.

The chemist bee with busy murmurings
Extracts the soul of sweetness from each flowre,
Such as the Syracosian Thyrsis sings,
All in the shadow of the shepherd's bowre;
The stock-doves, darlings of the Mantuan swaine,
In melting murmurs plaine;
Sweet birds of such a swaine to be the care,
The sootest he that ever chaunted straine,
Or with the gladful pipe enthrald the ear;
Him, as he sung, the graces dauncing round,
With their own girlonds crown'd;
The nymphes that haunt the river and the grove,
Whether his skilful reed he sweetly charms,
Or strikes the sounding lyre, and sings of arms,
Apollo him, and him the Muses love
Their own blest quire above:
Ah! would they deigne their visits whiles I sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XII.

Here the poetic birds no fear molests:
Did I, sweet tenants of my garden, say,
With ruthlesse hand ere marre your prettie nests,
Or steal th' unfeather'd innocence away?
For you my trees the spring's gay livery wear,
For you the ripening year
Purples the plum, in the deep cherrie glows,
And tempers the rich honie of the pear;
For you the laughing vine with nectar flows;
For you the permain, comely to behold,
Glows with irradiate gold,
The burnisht bough vermilioning; for you
The mellow'd fruit beyond its time has hung;
Well have you paid me, for you well have sung.
On nature's musick shall we not bestowe
Gifts we to nature owe?
Fond of our fellow poets while they sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XIII.

An academic leisure here I find
With learning's lore to discipline my youth;
By virtue's wholesome rules to form my mind,
To seek and love the wise man's treasure, truth.
Oft too thy hallow'd sons enthroned hie,
O peerlesse poesie!
Sounding great thoughts my raptur'd mind delight;
He first, the glorious child of libertie,

Maeonian Milton, beaming heavenly bright;
He who full fetously the tale ytold,
The Kentish Tityrus old;
And he above the pride of greatness great,
Sweet Cowley, with the gentlest spirit blest
That ever breath'd a calme in humane brest;
Who the poor muses richest manor seat
The garden's mild retreat,
Wrapt in the arms of quiet lov'd to sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XIV.

And he, forth-beaming thro' the mystic shade
In all the might of magic sweetly strong;
Who steep'd in teares the pitious lines he made,
The tenderest bard that ere empassion'd song:
Or when of love's delights he cast to play,
Couth deftly dight the lay;
And with gay girlonds goodly beautifide,
Bound trew-love-wise to grace his bridale day,
With dainty carrols hymn'd this happy bride;
Lov'd Spenser, of trew verse the well-spring sweet!
The footing of whose feet
I, painefull follower, assay to trace.
Bring fayrest flowres, the purest lillies bring,
With all the purple pride of all the spring;
And make great store of poses trim, to grace
The prince of poets race;
And hymen, hymen, io hymen sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XV.

Witness ye hills, and dales, and woods, and plains,
Th' unmoved quiet of my silver daies,
Free here from all the cares, and all the pains
Whose storms do threat the citties dangerous waies:
There falsing forgery, and foule defame,
And lust of sclanderous blame;
There cancred tongues, school'd in th' ungracious art
To blast the bloosme of a well-deemed name;
Their malice wonneth deep in hollow hart;
Ambition there and pride, the lies of life,
Sleek guile, and carled strife:
Away plain honestie of simple eye,
And dove-like peace that calms the shepherd's day;
Away each science, and each muse away,
And single truth, and sunne-bright honour flie:
And lovely libertie:
Here then, sweet shade, O shield me whiles I sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

XVI.

Thus on his rustic reed the recklesse swaine,
Smit with the peacefull joys of lowly life,
The world's gay shews forgiving, charm'd the plaine,
Withouten envie, and withouten strife:
All on a knot-grass bank, ore arched hie
With ivy-canopie,
And with wild roses richly well inwove,
He lay, and tun'd his rural minstrelsie;

When, lo! the favouring genius of the grove,
Fair Physis nam'd, to his entranced sight
Appeared heavenly bright:
Loose her fine tresses flow'd, like golden wire,
With budding flowrets perled all atween,
And shaded with a daintie girlond green;
And aye in green she did herself attire:
Beneath her feet in youthful rich array
A voluntary May
Threw sweets, threw flowres; the birds more joyous sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountains ring.

XVII.

Then with a smile that brighten'd all the shade,
Mild she bespake, and deign'd to press his hand,
Enough, fond youth, to Physis has been paid
Break then thy rural pipe at her command:
These woodnotes wild, this flowre-perfumed aire,
And thy sweet-streaming yare
Must charm no more; no more the hallow'd cell,
Where white-rob'd peace, and free-born fancy faire
With sacred solitude delight to dwell.
Wake then the spark of glorious great intent
In action excellent
That fires the noble-passion'd soul to shine:
In all the depths of useful lore engage,
To grace thy youth, and dignifie thine age:
Ne ween that Physis bids those paths decline,
For all those paths are mine.

Change then the straine; to hill, to valley tell
Farewell, sweet shade: sweet poplar shade, farewell.

XVII.

But, ah! beware; for in this goodly chace
A vile enchauntress spreds her vaine delights;
With guilefull semblants charming all that pass,
Till she enslaved hath their feeble sprights:
And sooth she is to view a lady faire,
Of beauty past compare:
And aye around her croud a gorgeous throng,
Skill'd in the mincing step, the vestment rare,
And the fine squeaking of an eunuch's song;
But sacred science, tender love, trew fame,
And honor's heaven-born flame
They know not; yet the pompous name vertù
To th' idle pageant give: she cruel prowd
Deals magic charms emong the carelesse crowd,
And does them all to hideous apes transmew.
But fear not thou the minion's magic pride,
For Physis is thy guide:
Come then: to hill, to dale this burden tell,
Farewell, sweet shade: sweet poplar shade, farewell.

XVIII.

To Cosme's polish'd court thy steps I'll lead,
My sister she, tho' eft we strangers seem;
Far otherwise of us the wise aread,
But follies feeble eyes of things misdeem.
The straw-roof'd cott, the pastur'd mead I love,

The mavis-haunted grove,
The moss-clad mountaine hoar, a rugged scene;
Along the streamlet's mazy margent rove,
That sweetly steals the broken rocks atween:
She thro' the manner'd cittie powres the flame
Of high atchieved fame,
The star-bright guerdon of the great and good;
And breathes her vivid spirit in the mind
Whose generous aimes extend to all mankind,
And vindicate the worth of noble blood;
Such as, in bowre Lycaean holding place,
The man of Spargrove grace:
Come then; to hill, to dale this burden tell,
Farewell, sweet shade: sweet poplar shade, farewell.

XIX.

Als like a girlond her enring around
The sphere-born Muses lyring heavenly strains;
The graces eke with bosoms all unzon'd,
A trinal band that concord sweet maintains;
And who is she that, placed them atween,
Seems a fourth grace I ween?
So looks the rubie pretious rare, enchaced
In the bright crownet of a maiden queen.
Each science too with verdant bay leaves graced,
With honour brought from Attic land again,
Adorns the radiant train.
Come then, let nobler aimes thy soul inspire:
But bring the cherub Innocence along,
And Contemplation sage, on pineon strong

High-soaring ore yon lamping orb of fire—
Thus pip'd the Doric oate, while echoes shrill,
To fountaine, dale, and hill
Resyllabling the notes, this burden tell,
Farewell, sweet shade : sweet poplar shade, farewell.

POEMS

IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

POEMS
IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

POEM I.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

Has quoniam coeli nondum dignamur honore
Quas dedimus certe terras habitare sinamus.

Now had th' archangel trumpet, rais'd sublime
Above the walls of Heav'n, begun to sound;
All aether took the blast, and Hell beneath
Shook with the noise; th' Almighty host
Hot with pursuit, and reeking with the blood
Of guilty Cherubs smear'd in sulphurous dust,
Pause at the known command of sounding gold
At first they close the wide Tartarean gates,
Th' impenetrable folds on brazen hinge
Roll creaking horrible; the din beneath
O'ercomes the roar of flames, and deafens hell.
Then through the solid gloom with nimble wing
They cut their shining traces up to light:
Return'd upon the edge of heavenly day.
Where thinnest beams play round the vast obscure,
And with eternal gleam drive back the night.

They find the troops less stubborn, less involv'd
In crime and ruin, barr'd the realms of peace,
Yet uncondemn'd to baleful seats of woe,
Doubtful and suppliant; all the plumes of light
Moult from their shuddering wings and sickly fear
Shades every face with horror; conscious guilt
Rolls in the livid eye-ball, and each breast
Shakes with the dread of future doom unknown.

'Tis here the wide circumference of heaven
Opens in two vast gates, that inward turn
Voluminous, on jasper columns hung
By geometry divine: they ever glow
With living sculptures, that arise by turns
T' imboss the shining leaves, by turns they set
To give succeeding argument their place;
In holy hieroglyphics on they move,
The gaze of journeying angels, as they pass
Oft looking back, and held in deep surprize.
Here stood the troops distinct; the cherub guard
Unbarr'd the splendid gates, and in they roll
Harmonious; for a vocal spirit sits
Within each hinge, and, as they onward drive,
In just divisions breaks the numerous jarr
With symphony melodious, such as spheres
Involv'd in tenfold wreaths are said to sound.

Out flows a blaze of glory: for on high
Tow'ring advanc'd the moving throne of God,
Vast and majestic; on each radiant side

The pointed rays slope glittering; at the foot
Glides a full tide of day, that onward pours,
In liquid torrents through the black abyss,
Sparkling among reluctant shapes which thence
Retire confus'd; as when Vesuvio shakes
With inward torments, and disgorges flames,
O'er the vast mountain's ridge the burning waves
Drive their refulgent curls, and on they roll
Sweeping the glowing plains down to the sea;
Th' affrighted sea leaps back with hideous roar
To give the fire its course; thus Chaos wild
Hissing recoils to let in floods of light.

Above the throne, th' ideas heavenly bright
Of past, of present, and of coming time
Fix'd their immov'd abode, and there present
An endless landscape of created things
To sight celestial, where angelic eyes
Are lost in prospect; for the shiny range,
Boundless and various, in its bosom bears
Millions of full proportion'd worlds, beheld
With stedfast eyes, till more arise to view,
And farther inward scenes start up unknown.

Myriads of seraphs in long series wait
About the throne, and as it moves, proceed
In numerous order, to celestial song.
Above, the symphony of mellow flutes,
And harps, by flying angels gently touch'd,
Relieve the trumpet's rage, and fitly blend

The solemn sounds in harmony divine;
Such as might tune new worlds, and give the laws
To globes on high, and the just figure guide
Of planets forming all their airy dance.
Below, the blazing wheels drive bounding o'er
The starry pavement; stars and hills of light
Double their glories where the chariot rolls
With rattling sound; and th' empyraeum vast
Down to its stedfast axis, groans throughout
Under the burning tracts, 'till now it rests
Upon the gaping brink of heaven; and there
With open pomp, fills the vast empty space.

Silence ensues; a deep and awful pause
More terrible, all expectation held
In horror; now wrath imminent amaz'd
With dreadful precipice, to all it seems
More formidable near; then from the throne
A vocal thunder roll'd the sense of God,
Majestically long, repugnant all
To princes' customs here; their judgments flash
On guilt, with words concise, and sudden blaze.
Quite otherwise, the God's enlarged speech
Set wide the fate of things; that all around
Might take full prospects of their coming doom.

Servants of God! and Virtues great in arms;
We approve your faithful works, and you return
Bless'd from the dire pursuit of rebel foes;
Resolv'd, oddurate, they have try'd the force

Of this right hand, and known Almighty pow'r;
Transfix'd with lightning down they sunk, they fell
Into the fiery gulf, and deep they plunge
Below the burning waves, to hide their heads
In shelter from my vengeance bellowing hence
More fierce, and scorching with more dreadful fires.
There let 'em find their doom, that durst defy
Omnipotence, and slight his proffer'd grace:
Rolling in flames, and ne'er to find a dawn
Of heavenly day; instead, the mind imbibes
Eternal gloom, and sing'd with constant flames,
Can find no ease; while fierce their boiling rage
Eats through th' imperial mould, and glows within
With endless pain; not one repentant thought
Shall cool the breast, but proud in horrid crime,
The soul anneals and hardens in the fire.

But you commission'd by commands divine,
Have wisely fill'd your trust, and clos'd 'em all
Within the fervid lake, lest any roam
Into the dark abyss to shun their doom,
And in the womb immense of things unborn
Should seek annihilation; you must rise
Among the shining Virtues more sublime;
On lofty thrones preferr'd for lofty deeds.

For you, ye guilty throng! that lately join'd
In this sedition, since seduc'd from good,
And caught in trains of guile, by spirits malign,
Superior in their order; you accept,

Trembling, my heavenly clemency and grace.
When the long aera once has fill'd its orb,
You shall emerge to light, and humbly here
Again shall bow before his favouring throne,
If your own virtue second my decree:
But all must have their manes first below,
So stands th' eternal fate, But smoother yours
Than what lost angels feel; nor can our reign,
Without just dooms, the peace of heav'n secure;
For forms celestial new erect in glory
Would totter, dazzled with the heights of power,
Did not the nerves of justice fix their sight.

See, where below in Chaos wond'rous deep
A speck of light dawns forth, and thence throughout
The shades, in many a wreath, my forming power
There swifty turns the burning eddy round,
Absorbing all crude matter near its brink:
Which next, with subtle motions, takes the form
I please to stamp, the seed of infant worlds
All now in embryo, but ere long shall rise
Variously scatter'd in this vast expanse,
Involv'd in winding orbs, until the brims
Of outward circles brush the heavenly gates.
The middle point a globe of curling fire
Shall hold, which round it sheds its genial heat;
Where'er I kindle life the motion grows
In all the endless orbs from this machine;
And infinite vicissitudes shall roll
About the restless center; for I rear,

In those meanders turn'd, a dusty ball,
Deform'd all o'er with woods, whose shaggy tops
Inclose eternal mists, and deadly damps
Hover within their boughs, to choak the light;
Impervious scenes of horror, till reform'd
To fields, and grassy dales, and flow'ry meads,
By your continual pains. The torrid zone
Here fries with constant heat the swarthy world:
Parching the plains where hideous monsters glare,
And dusty mountains, tumbled by the winds,
Stretch their uncertain heaps; no less the frost
At either end shall rage, and high shall raise
Firm promontories; vast the ruins seem
Of desart nature, and th' eternal piles
Load all the dreary coast, and thick in ice,
Arm either pole, that yearly peeps askance
On coming light, but feels no gentle ray
Unbind the frozen chain. Between these lie
The changeful climes, alternately they burn,
And chill again by turns; for both extremes
Make their incursions here: and this my will
Unchangeable ordains your doleful seat.

Beneath mishapen Chaos, and the field
Of fighting atoms, where hot, moist, and dry,
Wage an eternal war with dismal roar;
The dismal roar breaks smoothly on the ground,
Sacred to horror, and eternal night:
Here Silence sits, whose visionary shape

In folds of wreathy mantling sinks obscure,
And in dark fumes reclines his drowsy head;
An urn he holds, from whence a lake proceeds,
Wide, flowing gently, smooth, and Lethe nam'd:
Hither compell'd, each soul must drink long draughts
Of those forgetful streams, till forms within,
And all the great ideas fade and die:
For if vast thought should play about a mind
Inclos'd in flesh, and dragging cumbrous life,
Flutt'ring and beating in the mournful cage,
It soon would break its gates and wing away:
'Tis therefore my decree, the soul return
Naked from off this beach, and perfect blank,
To visit the new world; and straight to feel
Itself, in crude consistence closely shut,
The dreadful monument of just revenge;
Immur'd by heaven's own hand, and plac'd erect
On fleeting matter, all imprison'd round
With walls of clay: th' aetherial mould shall bear
The chain of members, deafen'd with an ear,
Blinded by eyes, and manacled in hands.
Here anger, vast ambition, and disdain,
And all the haughty movements, rise and fall,
As storms of neighbouring atoms tear the soul;
And hope, and love, and all the calmer turns
Of easy hours, in their gay gilded shapes,
With sudden run, skim o'er deluded minds,
As matter leads the dance; but one desire,
Unsatisfy'd, shall mar ten thousand joys.

The rank of beings, that shall first advance,
Drink deep of human life; and long shall stay
On this great scene of cares. From all the rest,
That longer for the destin'd body wait,
Less penance I expect; and short abode
In those pale dreary kingdoms will content;
Each has his lamentable lot, and all,
On different racks, abide the pains of life.

The pensive spirit takes the lonely grove:
Nightly he visits all the silvan scenes,
Where far remote, a melancholy moon
Raising her head, serene and shorn of beams,
Throws here and there her glimmerings through the trees,
To make more awful darkness. Starry lights,
Hung up on high, shed round 'em as they burn
A pale sad influence; and they gild the plains
With doubtful rays, which strike within the shades
A trembling lustre and uncertain light.

The sage shall haunt this solitary ground,
And view the dismal landscape, limn'd within
In horrid shades, mix'd with imperfect light.
Here JUDGMENT, blinded by delusive SENSE,
Contracted through the cranny of an eye,
Shoots up faint languid beams, to that dark seat,
Wherein the soul, bereav'd of native fire,
Sits intricate, in misty clouds obscur'd,
Ev'n from itself conceal'd, and there presides

O'er jarring images with Reason's sway,
Which by his ordering more confounds their form;
And by decisions more embroils the fray:
The more he strives t' appease, the more he feels
The struggling surges of the darksome void
Impetuous, and the thick revolving thoughts
Encount'ring thoughts, image on image turn'd,
A Chaos of wild silence, where sometimes
The clashing notions strike out casual light,
Which soon must perish and be lost again
In the thick darkness round it. Now, he tries
With all his might to raise some weighty thought,
Of me, of fate, or of th' eternal round,
Which but recoils to crush the labouring mind.
High are his reasonings, but the feeble clue
Of fleeting images he draws in vain
To wond'rous length; (for still the turning maze
Eludes his art) its end flies far away,
And leaves him tracing round the toilsome path,
Returning oft on the same beaten thought,
For much of good he talks, and life serene,
Of happiness deny'd, the dismal waste
Of wisdom's privilege, and th' obdurate breast,
Stubborn in anguish; idle wisdom all,
Weak sorcery to charm a real pain;
Distasting crowds and business, thus he seeks
Diversion in himself, but with deep thoughts
He kindles doubt; and while he strives to blow
The ashes off, revives the brand of care.

Hence far remov'd, a diff'rent noisy race
In cities full and frequent take their seat,
Where honour's crush'd, and gratitude oppress'd
With swelling hopes of gain, that raise within
A tempest, and, driven onward by success,
Can find no bounds. For creatures of a day
Stretch their wide cares to ages; full increase
Starves the penurious soul, while empty sound
Fills the ambitious; *that* shall ever shrink,
Pining with endless cares, whilst *this* shall swell
To tympany enormous. Bright in arms
Here shines the hero, out he fiercely leads
A martial throng, his instruments of rage,
To fill the world with death, and thin mankind.
Ambition drives, and round the world he roams.
Marking his way with blood; the dreadful noise
Begets a fame; and all the breath he leaves
Is spent in his false praise, and vainly bloats
The tyrant's soul; while high his kingdoms rise
In fleeting pomp, hov'ring their gaudy wings
Around the servile globe, that tamely bends
Beneath his haughty reign; and all his slaves
Under his yoke shall groan, and scarce shall groan
Without a crime. Here torturing engines roar
With human voice disguis'd; earth, water, fire,
Are made (dire elements of cruelty!)
Subservient to his lust, and power to kill:
Yet shall the herd endure, nor dare to break
United their imaginary chain;
While their great monarch chills with equal fears,

No less a slave than they. Each rumour shakes
The haughty purple, dark and cloudy cares
Involve the aweful throne, that stands erect,
Balanc'd on the wild people's temper'd rage,
And fortify'd with dangerous arts of power.
But death shall shift those scenes of misery;
Then doubtful titles kindle up new wars,
And urge on ling'ring fate; the ensigns blaze
About the camp, and drums and trumpets sound,
Prepare a solemn way to griezly war;
Javelins and bearded spears in ghastly ranks
Erect their shining heads, and round the field
A harvest's seen of formidable death;
Then joins the horrid shock, whose bellowing burst
Torments the shatter'd air, and drowns the groans
Of men below that roll in certain death;
These are the mortal sports, the tragic plays
By man himself embroil'd; the dire debate
Makes the waste desart seem serene and mild,
Where savage nature in one common lies,
By homely cots possess'd; all squalid, wild,
And despicably poor, they range the field,
And feel their share of hunger, care, and pain,
Cheated by flying prey; and now they tear
Their panting flesh; and now with nails unclean
They tug their shaggy beards; and deeply quaff
Of human woe, even when they rudely sip
The flowing stream, or chew the savoury pulp
Of nature's freshest viands; fragrant fruits
Enjoy'd with trembling, and in danger sought.

But where th' appointed limits of a law
Fences the general safety of the world,
No greater quiet reigns; for wanton man,
In giddy frolic, easily leaps o'er
His own invented bounds; hence rapine, fraud,
Revenge, and lust, and all the hideous train
Of nameless ills, distort the meagre mind
To endless shapes of woe. Here misers mourn
Departed gold, and their defrauded heirs
Dire perjuries complain; the blended loads
Of punishment and crime deform the world,
And give no rest to man; with pangs and throes
He enters on the stage; prophetic tears
And infant cries prelude his future woes;
And all is one continu'd scene of grief,
Till the sad sable curtain falls in death.

But that last act shall in one moment close
Of doubt and darkness; pain shall crack the strings
Of life decay'd; no less the soul convuls'd,
Trembles in anxious cares, and shuddering stands
Afraid to leap into the opening gulf
Of future fate, till all the banks of clay
Fall from beneath his feet: in vain he grasps
The shatter'd reeds that cheat his easy wish.
Reason is now no more; that narrow lamp
(Which with its sickly fires would shoot its beams
To distances unknown, and stretch its rays
Askance my paths, in deepest darkness veil'd)
Is sunk into his socket; inly there

It burns a dismal light ; th' expiring flame
Is choak'd in fumes, and parts in various doubt.

Then the gay glories of the living world
Shall cast their empty varnish, and retire
Out of his feeble view ; and rising shade
Sit hov'ring o'er all nature's various face.
Music shall cease, and instruments of joy
Shall fail that sullen hour ; nor can the mind
Attend their sounds, when fancies swim in death,
Confus'd and crush'd with cares : for long shall seem
The dreary road, and melancholy dark,
That leads he knows not where. Here empty space
Gapes horrible, and threatens to absorb
All being : yonder sooty demons glare,
And dolorous spectres grin ; the shapeless rout
Of wild imagination dance and play
Before his eyes obscure : till all in death
Shall vanish, and the prisoner, now enlarg'd,
Regains the flaming borders of the sky.

He ended. Peals of thunder rend the heavens,
And Chaos, from the bottom turn'd, resounds
The mighty clangor : All the heavenly host
Approve the high decree, and loud they sing
Eternal justice ; while the guilty troops,
Sad with their doom, but sad without despair,
Fall fluttering down to Lethe's lake, and there
For penance, and the destin'd body, wait.

POEM II.

IL BELLICOSO.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

M DCC XLIV.

HENCE! dull lethargic Peace,
Born in some hoary Beadsman's cell obscure;
Or in Circaean bowers,
Where Manhood dies, and Reason's vigils cease;
Hie to congenial climes,
Where some seraglio's downy tyrant reigns;
Or where Italian swains,
'Midst wavy shades, and myrtle-blooming bowers,
Lull their ambrosial hours,
And deck with languid trills their tinkling rhymes.
But rouse, thou God by Furies drest,
In helm with Terror's plumed crest,
In adamantine steel bedight,
Glistening formidably bright,
With step unfix'd and aspect mild;
Jealous Juno's raging child,
Who thee conceiv'd in Flora's bower,
By touch of rare Olenian flower:

Oft the Goddess sigh'd in vain,
Envying Jove's prolific brain,
And oft she stray'd Olympus round,
Till this specific help she found;
Then fruitful grown, she quits the skies,
To Thracia's sanguine plain she hies,
There teems thee forth, of nervous mold,
Haughty, furious, swift, and bold;
Names thee Mars, and bids thee call
The world from Pleasures flowery thrall.
Come then, Genius of the war,
Roll me in thy iron car;
And while thy coursers pierce the sky,
Breathing fury as they fly,
Let courage hurry swift before,
All stain'd around with purple gore,
And Victory follow close behind,
With wreath of palm and laurel join'd,
While high above, fair Fame assumes
Her place, and waves her eagle plumes.
Then let the trumpet swell the note,
Roaring rough thro' brazen throat;
Let the drum sonorous beat,
With thick vibrations hoarsely sweet;
Boxen hautboys too be found,
Nor be miss'd the fifes shrill sound;
Nor yet the bagpipe's swelling strain,
Solace sweet to Highland swain.
Whether on some mountain's brow,
Now squeaking high, now droning low,

He plays deft lilts to Scottish lass
Tripping it o'er the pliant grass;
Or whether in the battle's fray,
He lively pipes a bolder lay;
The bolder lay (such magic reigns
In all its moving Phrygian strains)
Disperses swift to all the train
Fury stern, and pale disdain
Strikes every fire from every mind,
Nor leaves one latent spark behind.
Bear me now to tented ground,
Where gaudy streamers wave around,
Where Britain's ensigns high displayed,
Lend the earth a crimson shade;
And pikes, and spears, and lances gay,
Glitter in the solar ray;
Here I'll join the hardy crowd,
As they sport in gamesome mood,
Wrestling on the circled ground,
Wreathing limbs with limbs around;
Or as they pitch the massy bar;
Or teach the disk to whizz in air;
And when night returns, regale
With chat full blunt and chirping ale;
While some voice of manly base
Sings my darling Chevy-Chace;
How the child that 's yet unborn
May rue earl Percy's hound and horn;
How Witherington in doleful dumps,
Fought right valiant on his stumps;

And many a knight and 'squire full gay
At morn, at night were clad in clay;
While first and last we join and sing,
" God prosper long our noble king!"
And when midnight spreads around
Her sable vestments on the ground,
Hence I'll, for a studious seat,
To some strong citadel retreat;
By ditch and rampart high ypent,
And battery strong, and battlement!
There, in some state-room richly dight
With maily coats and faulchions bright,
Emblazon'd shields of quaint impress,
And a whole army's glittering dress,
While the taper burneth blue,
(As Brutus' erst was wont to do)
Let me turn the ample page
Of some grave historic Sage,
Or in Homer's sacred song
Mix the Grecian Bards among;
Nestor wise with silver'd head,
And Ajax stern, and Diomed,
And many more, whose wonderous might
Could equal e'en the Gods in fight;
Or list to Virgil's epic lyre,
Or lofty Lucan wrapt in fire;
But rather far let Shakspere's Muse
Her genuine British fires diffuse;
And briskly with her magic strain
Hurry me to Gallic plain,

Just when each patriot Talbot bleeds;
Or when heaven-prosper'd Harry leads
His troops with seven-fold courage steel'd,
To Agincourt's immortal field.
But when th' embattled troops advance,
O Mars, my every thought entrance!
Guide me, thundering, martial God.
Guide thro Glory's arduous road!
While hailing bullets round me fly,
And human thunders shake the sky,
While crowds of heroes heap the ground,
And dying groans are heard around,
With armor clanking, clarions sounding,
Cannons bellowing, shouts rebounding;
Guide me, thundering, martial god,
Guide through Glory's arduous road!
But should on land thy triumphs cease,
Still lead me far from hated Peace;
Me bear, dread Power, for warlike sport,
To some wave-incircled fort;
Or (if it yield more open sight)
To some hoar promontory's height,
Whose eye arch'd brow o'erlooks the scene,
Where Tritons blue and Naiads green,
Sportive from their coral cave,
Through the fluid chrystal lave:
There eagerly I ken from far
All the waste of naval war,
And catch a sympathetic rage,
While the numerous fruits engage,

And every distant shore rebounds
To the cannons' rattling sounds,
And the sulphurous fire-ship rends,
And thousand fates around her sends,
And limbs dissever'd hurl'd on high,
Smoke amid th' affrighted sky.
Then let black clouds above my head,
With gleams of scarlet thick be spread,
With lightning's flash and thunder's growl,
Suit the spleen that shades my soul.
There too let cranes, a numerous flight,
With beaks and claws rage bloody fight,
And airy knights from every cloud
Prick forth, their armor rattling loud;
With blazing swords and comets drear,
Dragging a trail of flaming hair;
Such as diffus'd their baneful gleam
Over besieg'd Jerusalem,
Or hung o'er Rome ere Julius fell,
And if old Sages rightly spell,
Were ever deemed to foreshow
Changes in our realms below.

And when at length cold creeping Age
Freezes the torrent of my rage,
Let me live amongst a crew
Of invalids, of kindred hue!
Of some main limb bereft by War,
Or blest with some deep glorious scar;
Scar, that endless glory draws

From Liberty and Albion's cause:
Then oft well pleas'd with them retire
To circle round a sea-coal fire,
And all our past campaigns recite,
Of Vigo's sack, and Blenheim's fight;
How valiant Rooke majestic trod,
How Marlbro' thunder'd half a God!
And then, with sage prophetic eye,
In future battles to descry,
That Britain shall not fail to yield
Equal generals for the field;
That France again shall pour her blood,
And Danube roll a purpled flood.

And when my children round me throng,
The same grand theme shall grace my tongue;
To teach them, should fair England need
Their blood, 'tis theirs to wish to bleed;
And, as I speak, to mark with joy
New courage start in every boy;
And gladsome read in all their eyes,
Each will a future hero rise.
These delights if Mars afford,
Mars, with thee I whet my sword.

POEM III.

IL PACIFICO.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE OF
AIX-LA-CHAPELLE,
MDCCXLVIII.

By the Same.

HENCE! pestilential Mars,
Of sable-vested Night and Chaos bred,
On Matter's formless bed,
Mid the harsh din of elemental jars:
Hence with thy frantic crowd,
Wing'd Flight, pale Terror, Discord cloath'd in fire,
Precipitate retire;
While mad Bellona cracks her snaky thong,
And hurries headlong on,
To Achron's brink and Phlegethon's flaming flood.
But hail, fair Peace! so mild and meek,
With polish'd brow and rosy cheek;
That on thy fleece-white cloud descending,
Hither, soft-ey'd queen, art tending,
Gently o'er thy favorite land
To wave thy genial myrtle wand:

To shake from off thy turtle wing
Th' ambrosial dews of endless spring:
Spring, like that, which poets feign
Gilded Saturn's easy reign:
For Saturn's first-born daughter thou;
Unless, as later bards avow,
The youthful God with spangled hair
Closely clasp'd Harmonia fair:
For, banish'd erst heaven's star-pav'd floor,
(As sings my legendary lore)
As Phoebus sat by weeping brook,
With shepherd's scrip and shepherd's crook,
Pensive 'midst a savage train
(For savage then was all the plain)
Fair Harmonia left her bower,
To join her radiant paramour:
Hence didst thou spring: and at thy birth
Lenient Zephyrs fan'd the earth,
Rumbling thunders growl'd no more,
Prowling wolves forgot to roar.
And man from fiercer rage possest,
Smil'd dissension from his breast.
She comes, she comes, ye nymphs prepare,
Gay floral wreaths to bind your hair;
Ye swains, inspire the mellow flute
To dulcet strains, which aptly suit
The featly-footed saraband
Of Phillis trim and Marian bland,
When nimbly light each simpering lass
Trips it o'er the pliant grass.

But see, her social smiling train
Now invests th' inraptur'd plain!
Plenty's treasure-teeming horn
Show'rs its fruits, its flowers, its corn;
Commerce spreads his amplest sail;
Strong-nerv'd Labor lifts his flail;
Sylvanus too attends ('tis he
That bears the root-pluck'd cypress tree)
He shall my youngling footsteps lead
Thro' tufted lawn and fringed mead,
By scooped valley, heaped hill,
Level river, dancing rill,
Where the shepherds all appear,
To sheer and wash their fleecy care,
Which bleating stand the streams around,
And whiten all the close-cropt ground:
Or when the maids in bonnets sheen,
Cock the hay upon the green;
Or up yon steep rough road the swains
Drive slow along their rolling wains
(Where laughing Ceres crowns the stack,
And makes the ponderous axle crack)
Then to the village on the hill,
The barn's capacious jaws to fill,
Where the answering flails rebound,
Beating bold with thundering sound.
Enchanted with this rural scene,
Here let me weave my arb'rets green;
Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat,
O'er my noon-tide cool retreat;

Or bind the oak with ivy-twine;
Or wed the elm and purpling vine.
But if my vagrant fancy pants
For charms, which simple nature wants,
Grant, Power benign, admittance free
To some rang'd academy:
There to give to arts refin'd
All the impulse of my mind:
And oft observant take my stand,
Where the painter's magic hand
From sketches rude, with gradual art,
Calls dawning life to every part,
Till, with nice tints all labor'd high,
Each starting hero meets the eye;
Oft too, O! let me nice inspect
The draughts of justest architect:
And hence delighted let me pass,
Where others mould the ductile brass;
Or teach the Parian stone to wear
A letter'd Sage's musing air,
But ah! these arts have fix'd their home
In Roman or in Gallic dome
Tho' strange beseems, that arts shou'd spread
Where frowns black Slavery's baleful shade:
And stranger far that arts decay
Where Freedom deals her warmest ray.
This then deny'd, I'll swift retreat,
Where Camus winds with murmur sweet:
There teach me, piercing Locke, t' explore

The busy mind's ideal store;
There, heaven-rapt Newton, guide my way
'Mid rolling worlds, thro' floods of day.
To mark the vagrant comet's road,
And thro' his wonders trace the God,
Then, to unbend my mind, I'll roam
Amidst the cloysters silent gloom;
Or, where rank'd oaks their shade diffuse,
Hold dalliance with my darling Muse,
Recalling oft some heaven-born strain.
That warbled in Augustan reign;
Or turn well pleas'd the Grecian page,
If sweet Theocritus engage,
Or blith Anacreon, mirthful wight,
Carol his easy love-lay light.
Yet let not all my pleasure lie
Confin'd to one Phoebeian joy;
But ever give my fingers wings,
Lightly to skim the trembling strings,
And from some bower to tune the lay;
While list'ning birds crowd every spray,
Or hovering silent o'er my head,
Their quivering wings exulting spread;
Save but the turtles, they alone,
With tender plaintive faithful moan,
Shall tell, to all the secret grove,
Their soft thick-warbled tale of love:
Sweet birds! your mingling bliss pursuing,
Ever billing, ever cooing,
Ye constant pair! I love to note

Your hoarse strain gurgling in your throat;
And ye unheard from sidelong hills
The liquid lapse of whispering rills,
I hist to hear: such sounds diffuse
Sweet transports to the thoughtful Muse.
Thus summer sees me brisk and light,
'Till winter spreads her 'kerchief white;
Then to the cities social walls
Where tolling clock to business calls.
There the weaver's shuttle speeds
Nimbly through the fine-spun threads:
There the vocal anvil rings,
While the smith his hammer swings:
And every man and every boy,
Briskly join in warm employ,
Thro' such throng'd scenes full oft I'll range,
Oft crowd into the rich exchange:
Or to yon wharf; aside the moat,
Where the anchor'd ships do float,
And others hastening into bay,
Swell their sails in fair array:
Wafting to Albion's sons the store
That each Peruvian mine can pour;
Wafting to Albion's smiling dames
The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames,
Till all the Indies rush into the Thames.
Joys vast as these my fancy claims;
And joys like these if Peace inspire,
Peace, with thee I string the lyre.

POEM IV.

L'AMOROSO.

BY THE REV. MR. P.

HENCE! unrelenting Cares,
That haunt the proud, and rend the miser's breast,
And far expel delightsome rest,
And bring disquiet, sleepless nights, and starting fears;
Hence! and that mind controul,
Where sickly Pining takes her hated seat,
With Grief and Dread; companions meet:
There, far from me, exert thine iron sway,
And every tedious night and day
Reign o'er the heart, and occupy the soul.
But come, thou Goddess, fond and free,
Auspicious Love, and dwell with me,
Thou whom, with thy wreathed shell,
Old Ocean bore (as Poets tell)
While round thee, beauteous, blooming Maid,
Deftly the frisking dolphins play'd.
Come, and bring thy wanton Boy,
Cause of fondness, source of joy,

And bid him take that golden dart,
That erst transfix'd Apollo's heart,
When, with full force and winged speed,
O'er tufted lawn, and flowery mead,
Now slow, with long toil, up some steep,
Now down precipitately deep,
Thro' many a grove, and many a glade,
The God pursued the flying Maid.
Bring besides thy joyous Train,
Soft supporters of thy reign,
Wanton Smiles, Endearments charming,
Mirth and Coyness unalarming,
Whispers, Kisses, Sighs, and Fears,
Lovely Looks and trickling Tears,
Joy of festive, sprightly mien,
And Innocence of look serene;
Thy smiling Train can never cloy,
If led by Innocence and Joy.
Permit me, Goddess, fond and free,
To join with them, and join with thee;
Ever present, ever by,
Thus let me live, thus let me die.
Rise we when the meek-eyed morn
Doth the spangled meads adorn;
When every bird, from every spray,
Tunes various his love-labour'd lay.
Lo! from yon cloud the flaming sun
'Gins his stated course to run,
Brightening rays incessant streaming,
Dew-drops sparkling, twinkling, beaming,

Refreshed Nature smiles anew,
And brings her brightest charms to view.
On Delia thinking will I stray,
Heedless, where I chuse the way,
Over distant hills and dales,
Bleating mountains, lowing vales;
By silent river, rolling flood,
Fringed meadow, waving wood,
Where Flora does her sweets dispense,
And different prospects please the sense.
While sturdy oxen, grazing nigh,
With loud lowings fill the sky;
And the swallow skims the ground,
And the lambkin bleateth round,
And many a cuckow's echoing note
Wavering to the ear doth float.
Such pleasing sounds and sights inspire
Glowing love and soft desire.
Sweet hour of pleasure! then, to chuse,
Breathe the soft strain, and court the Muse,
Fairest Delia be my theme,
By some whispering, silver stream,
That thro' the painted meads doth stray,
And swiftly trickling winds away.
And when the sun, exalted high,
Fierce-glowing, measures half the sky;
Oft, oh! my Delia, will we rove
Along some close-embowred grove—
Oh! the soft joys that fill the breast!
(Joys, the sweetest and the best)

When, by all-powerful Love excited,
Each delighting, each delighted,
We sit within some thick-wove bower
Full fragrant made by many a flower!
With thrilling pleasure I the while
Eye the kind glance, or dimpling smile;
Or oft, in sweet suspension hung,
Catch the music of her tongue,
Else in sweet notes briskly moving,
Airy, fluttering, wild, and roving,
Thrice and four times, and again
Both chaunt to Love the pleasing strain.
Or if the garden's flowery pride
Call our vagrant steps aside,
Here unnumber'd charms invite,
Roses red, and lillies white;
Here, 'mid blooming fragrance straying,
Sweetly smiling, fondly playing,
Oft my willing hands prepare
Odorous garlands for my Fair,
And mix, around the Charmer's head,
The lilly's white, the rose's red:
While Love inspires each warbler's throat,
Smooths the strain, or swells the note,
All around, and all above,
All is Joy, for all is Love.

But when the cooling evening breeze
Moves gently the reluctant trees,
Then will we oft-times stray unseen

By winding walks of willows green,
And there the charms of music prove,
For music is the food of love:
Inspiring oft the warbling flute,
Now with complaining strains that suit
The vexed thoughts and barbed care
Of fixed, sullen, deep Despair;
Now more luxuriant strains employ,
Quickening Love, and brightening Joy;
Such as might the soul beguile,
And make disturbed sorrow smile;
Now the music varying floats,
Then stops: anon more still the notes,
Smooth and languid, soft and low,
Tender, trilling, sweet and slow,
Keep on the long-continued sound,
And charm attention all around.
Strait my breast hath caught new pleasures,
Throbs my pulse in fluttering measures,
Grief defeated and retiring,
Joys my raptur'd heart inspiring,
While my whole soul, devoid of care,
Hangs all-enamour'd on the Fair,
And she, well-pleas'd, my looks surveys,
And plays and smiles, and smiles and plays.

When night's brown shades invite to rest,
And nature sinks by sleep opprest,
Then too, oh let me fond repair
To flowery meadows with my Fair,

Let mimic Fancy paint her charms,
And bring my Angel to my arms,
Let us together secret stray;
And all the night react the day.

Auspicious Goddess, fond and free,
Bestow these pleasures all on me,
(for sure these pleasures thou canst give,)
And, Love, with thee I'll chuse to live.

POEM V.

THE
APPROACH OF SUMMER.

HENCE, iron-scepter'd Winter, haste
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude;
'Mid cataracts of ice,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude,
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by sleety showers,
Thy gloomy Gothic castle towers;
Amid whose howling isles and halls,
Were no gay sun-beam paints the walls,
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

Ev'n now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy Train retreat:
Thy ruthless Host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tyger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shewn,
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:

And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatning with his arrows keen ;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, Farewell ! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more ;
Farewell the fields so bare and wild,
But come thou rose-cheek'd Cherub mild,
Sweetest summer ! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolic'd o'er,
With musky nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring,
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery ;
To cull the essence of rich smells,
In which to dip his new-born bells ;
There, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet ;
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed ;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You look'd a Goddess debonair ;
And then he gave the blessed Isle,

Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee, Nymph! and hand-in-hand
With thee lead a buxom Band;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy.
Leisure, that thro' the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
Meek cottage-loving shepherdess!
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
On river margins, mossy green,
But who is she that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air;
'Tis May, the Grace—confest she stands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightsome dews,
Their wings all ting'd in Iris-hues;

With whom the Powers of Flora play,
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,
Has drest the groves in livery green,
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bower to build;
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading streams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;
Then, Goddess guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakspere cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There thro' the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet evening objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chaunts.
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbines' balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent, to breathe perfume!

Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor want there notes of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiffs bark from bosom'd cot:
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep-embattled ears of corn:
Round ancient elm with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarm rejoice.
Meantime a thousand dies invest
The ruby chambers of the west!
That all aslant the village tower
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seem its arched windows blaze:
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in extasies;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive Joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lapt, nor heed the way;
Wandering thro' the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill;

And on each moss-wove border damp,
The glow-worm hangs her fairy lamp.

But when the Sun at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tower;
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess lead,
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath:
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down,
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around?
And see thee team shrill-tinkling pass
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-shower,
When the bright sun's returning power,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And chear'd reviving Nature's form;
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue:
There issuing forth the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While as I walk, from pearly bush
The sunny sparkling drop I brush,
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue:

And so loud the black-bird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever, against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycaeum's piny steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!

Mean time on Afric's glowing sands,
Smote with keen heat the traveller stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks in every whisper low.
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage Solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark,
Let me, in many a whisper'd rite,
The Genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilyssus' laureat shore—
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges grey
Crown'd, a scant rivulet winds its way.

And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an easy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows,
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might chuse
On Virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t'appease
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn:
Or bower, in Vallambrosa's shade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven towers
Of that proud castle's painted bowers,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior-guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quivering lance and twanging string.
As thro' the caverns dim I wind,

Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach enquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild morn in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal;
Let not my dew feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence Nature's universal face
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;
The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O! every village-charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous, rural interchange!
The simple spire and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,
And cattle rouz'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,
What fires within my bosom wake,

How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the Muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field 's a paradise,
And all the globe a bower of bliss!
With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloysters let me leave
To breathe my votive song at eve,
In valleys where mild whispers use;
Of shade and stream to court the Muse;
While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours:
By Nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
Still grot of Peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or soothe the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heaven, in pity lent,
Send me a little and content;
The faithful friend, and chearful night,
The social scene of dear delight:
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
The musing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classic wit:
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Graecia's fame.
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise:
To spurn the shepherds's simple reeds,
And paint heroic ancient deeds:
To chaunt fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
And Edward, stern in sable mail.
Or wandering Brutus' lawless doom,
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesie,
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand,
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flowrets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek
Can wipe with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.

She shall be my blooming bride,
With her, as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance,
For ever rapt in holy trance.

NOTES

ON

POEMS

IMITATIVE OF SPENSER;

AND, IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

POEM I.

Page 4. *HER mantle* wimpled—] *Wimpled.* A word used by Spenser for *hung down.* The line inclosed within comma's is one of Fairfax's in his Translation of *Tasso.*

4. ——————*Dreary-head*] Gloominess.

ib. ——————*Hardy-head.*] Courage.

POEM II.

Page 19. *Your names adorn'd in* Gilpin's *polish'd page,*
With each historic grace, shall shine thro' ev'ry age.] The Rev. William Gilpin, author of the lives of Bernard Gilpin, and Bishop Latimer, and of the lives of Wicliff, and the principal of his followers.

ib. Yet when the dragon in the deep abyss] See Revelation, chap. xx. and the learned and ingenious Bi-

shop of Bristol's comment upon it, in the 3d vol. of his Dissertation on the Prophecies.

POEM III.

Page 21. The Author of this Poem was of Hertford College, Oxford, where he took his master's degree in 1743, and died in 1768.

POEM V.

Page 42. This Poem, written by the celebrated Author of Phaedra and Hippolytus, was first published in 1751.

44. *What meanes that monstrous man, which Babel's King*] Alluding to some of the visions, and allegories in the Old Testament.

45. *Nor did he only turn the sacred page*] Alluding to his travels into the Eastern Parts.

POEM VI.

Page 49. The particulars of his brother's shipwreck are thus related by the late Dr. Cuming of Dorchester. Mr. A. Cuming was first supercargo of the Suecia, a Sweedish East-India ship, which was wrecked on a rock about two miles East of the island of North Ronalsha, the northernmost of the Orkney islands, Nov. 18, 1740. Immediately on the ship's striking, Mr. Cuming went off in the barge, accompanied by the surgeon and six of the boldest seamen, in order to discover what the island was, but were

never more heard of. Thirty-one of the sailors were saved out of a hundred, the ship's compliment.

The Author of this and several other Poems of merit was one of sixteen children, and the son of Joseph Boyse, a Dissenting minister of Dublin, well known for his controversial writings with Archbishop King, and his orthodox persecution of the excellent Emlyn. Samuel, born in 1708, after receiving his grammatical education in Dublin, was sent at eighteen to the college at Glasgow, where, marrying before he was twenty, he returned to Dublin, and by his extravagant conduct impoverished his father. Quitting again the place of his nativity, to which he had rendered himself a disgrace, he returned to Scotland, and in 1731, published at Edinburgh a volume of Poems, which procured him reputation, an introduction to the Great, and a recommendation to Pope from the Dutchess of Gordon. Of the latter, however he never availed himself. As he depended for subsistance on his pen, it must be expected that his productions would be more numerous than excellent. One however in particular deserves to be mentioned, *viz.* THE DEITY, which was recommended by Fielding in Tom Jones, and handsomely spoken of by Mr. Pope. The vices of the Author being such as to reduce him to the extremity of want, it became his practice, after having pawned his clothes for the sake of pampering his appetite, to sit up in bed with his arms through the blankets and thus procure the necessaries of life. In this situation, holding a

a pen, this unhappy man was found dead at his lodgings in Shoe-lane, where he was buried in 1749, at the Parish expence.

50. *Patience*—] The first allegorical figure introduced, is here represented as the daughter of *Necessity*, or *Lachesis*, one of the three Destinies. B.

51. *We found ourselves on* Thulè's *sky-girt coast*:] *Thulè* is here taken for the *Orkney* Isles. B.

ib. ———*Silence*———] The second allegorical person, and sister of *Patience*. B.

54. *We left bleak Shetland's shadowy hills behind,*] The pinnace was probably driven into the Great Ocean that lies to the westward of the Isles of Orkney and Shetland, where it perished. B.

56. *Low lay the prospect of the bleating isle*] The *Faroe* Isles, subject to Denmark. See Bede's Description of them. B.

57. *Till, as into his clean abode we went,*
Kind Patience whisper'd me our host was call'd
Content.] The third allegorical figure introduced. B.

59. *And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme,*] The inhabitants of all these northern isles observe the custom of singing over the dead. B.

60. *A spotless grave, where never mortal lay!*] Virgin.

POEM VII.

Page 63. *At Alcon's grave I drop a pious tear*;] The late Mr. Thompson.

GLOSSARY.

Aggrate, *please*
Albe, *altho'*
Arraught, *reach'd*
Bays, *bathes*
Bale, *sorrow*
Culvers, *doves*
Drapet, *a linen cloth*
Dearling, *darling*
Dolorous, *anguish, pain*
Eft, *often*
Ensue, *follow*
Eremites, *hermit*
Gyres, *circles or windings*
Leman, *lover*
Lusty-head, *vigor*
Muchel, *sorrow*
Prow, *hardy, valiant*
Quite, *requite*
Ramping, *starting, flying-out*
Rechless, *careless*
Salew, *salute*
Snubby, *knotty*
Wareless, *stupified*
Wend, *go*
Wreakful, *revengeful*

POEM VIII.

Page 80. *Where Leda's twins, forth from their diamond tower,*

Alternate o'er the night their beams divide,] Castor and Pollux.

ib. The Powers of Poetry and Wisdom dwell;] The Gemini are supposed to preside over learned men. See Pontanus in his beautiful Poem called Urania. lib. ii. de Geminis.

ib. And deem fair Isis' swans fair as their father-god.] Jupiter deceived Leda in the shape of a swan as she was bathing herself in the river Eurotas.

83. *All as the Phoenix, in Arabian skies,*
New burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,
At large, in roseal undulation, flies;] Pliny tells us, lib. xi. That the Phoenix is about the bigness of an eagle: the feathers round the neck shining like gold, the body of a purple colour, the tail blue with feathers resembling roses. See Claudian's fine poem on that subject, and an elegant translation of it by Mr. Tickell in the first vol. of the Poetical Calendar, p. 42. See also Marcellus Donatus, who has a short dissertation on the Phoenix in his observations on Tacitus. Annal. lib. vi.

THE END.

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